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*We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The death of Sir Charles Dilke is almost like the destruction of some great reference library. He probably remembered more than most politicians of his time ever read or heard. He truly was, in the hackneyed saying, a walking encyclopaedia—only, unlike encyclopaedias, he kept his knowledge "up to date". Sir Charles had an extraordinary digestion for hard facts which with most men are never rightly assimilated; what was useless and in nutritious in facts he could throw up as the wise owl its pellets of feather and bone. He was probably the most continuously industrious of any first-class politician of his time.

Yet it was not his amazing industry that really mattered to the public—or interested the public. There were two things about Sir Charles Dilke that made him a wonder of his time. One of these was the general belief, nay, the knowledge, that he had a foreign policy of his own! It was quite true. He cared not only to lay down great principles of foreign policy, but he chose to go curiously into all manner of details about spheres of influence and buffer states. Members of the House of Commons, including front-bench men, often suppressed a yawn with difficulty and went away to the tea-room or the Terrace when he plunged into such matters; but they took him very seriously, and Sir Charles Dilke took himself seriously in everything.

Kept from office during most of his life, Sir Charles Dilke never became in the least blasé about any political matter. Like, perhaps, Lord Morley, he had no trace of that insouciance which has often been an ornament of the old ruling class in public life. He seemed unable for a moment to turn off any heavy matter with a light word. He certainly wanted the sense of humour—we will not say the "saving sense", because really it

corrects as often as it saves. A droll instance of this occurs to us. We chanced once to be talking with a member when Sir Charles Dilke came up and very earnestly asked about the Cyprus vote and raised some question which he regarded, clearly, as most momentous. "Oh, yes", replied the member—a leading statesman—"let me see: what official line do we take about that?" Sir Charles was completely disarmed—he retreated without saying anything more about Cyprus.

The excited letters of the Under-Secretary of State for India to Mr. Balfour may recall to us some lines of Churchill's (not the Home Secretary):

"With the loud voice of thund'ring Jove defy,  
And dare to single combat—What?—A Fly."

The fly being in this affair a little Primrose leaflet about land and the Budget! Was ever such a tornado in a teaspoon? Only we cannot quite determine whether the Under-Secretary is the tornado and the leaflet the teaspoon, or the leaflet the tornado and the Under-Secretary the teaspoon. Up to the end of Mr. Balfour's letter one followed the storm with a sort of amused interest; after that came the Under-Secretary's reply and with it anti-climax.

The rule in the court of party politics is perfectly simple and straightforward. The Radical judge sums up for the Radical litigant and the Radical jury find unanimously for him; contrariwise in places where Conservatives meet and try the issues the verdict is the other way. It is not cynical to say this, it is the reverse—it is commonplace. Party politics could not be carried on unless the party papers and party resorts were "packed". The correspondence was published early in the week and it is not needful to travel over it again. But there is one thing that has been amusingly overlooked. Mr. Montagu insists in reply to Mr. Balfour that the owners of agricultural land are not taxed. True, there has to be a valuation of all agricultural land; but it won't cost the owner anything, for the State is going to do it.

Mr. Montagu is an honourable man, and we have not the least doubt he says this in perfect good faith. He

says this quite innocently, but if he will go to Mr. Snowden we fancy Mr. Snowden will "wink the other eye". Mr. Snowden made a speech this week in which he said in effect, "Things are going on capitally—the Liberal party is doing our work for us quite well". Mr. Montagu spoke in the innocence and enthusiasm of youth. But let him think a little on this matter and he will make a discovery. The owner of the agricultural land is taxed by the "People's Budget" after all, and Mr. Snowden can explain this extremely simple matter in a few extremely simple words to him.

The State does the valuation of the land of the agriculturist, and by-and-by sends in its bill to that agriculturist. The agriculturist is a taxpayer. The valuation of his land costs money, because valuers—or "valuators" as the Scottish people love to say—won't work for nothing. And where does the State get the money with which to repay the valuers for their trouble? Why out of the pockets of "the patient ass", the British taxpayer, of course, among whom is our friend the owner of the agricultural land. We fancy we can hear Mr. Montagu exclaim, "Yes, but that's quite a different thing—I wasn't thinking of that of course". No doubt; but the truth remains that the Government's "Doomsday" will cost a very huge sum of money and need a great staff of officials, and for that the public will have to pay. Not only will the agriculturists have to pay, but unfortunate people who have no land and no concern with land will have to pay too!

Mr. Churchill allows himself to be drawn too easily. The Dartmoor shepherd has made a fool of him, and he had much better keep quiet and try to let the matter drop. His long "communication" yesterday morning only made his case worse. He cannot get over the fact that Davies has been a criminal practically all his life: a man to whom to be at large was an opportunity to offend. Mr. Churchill pleads that Davies has only been a nuisance, not a danger to society. Well, he has burgled, snatched a watch and chain, and committed sacrilege. We agree that a burglar, a thief, a sacrilegious is a nuisance; but we should not have thought him entirely safe.

We all remember the talk amongst the Labour members about giving up the pledge by which members bound themselves in strict allegiance to their party. This talk was to make it easier for Mr. Asquith to promise a reversal of the Osborne judgment; giving up the "pledge" was supposed to give the minorities a chance. How is one to square this with the following: "We regret to have to report that in one or two instances candidates, who signed our constitution and had thereby pledged themselves to abide by its conditions, forgot their obligations and broke their pledged word. We need hardly say that this conduct cannot be tolerated. Apart from its political gravity, it is a breach of that personal honour which is the foundation of public honour, and men who, in order to win a few votes, disregard their own word are not likely to prove worthy representatives of any party".

Sir Joseph Larmor, secretary of the Royal Society, is the official candidate for Cambridge University and will no doubt be elected. He is a good choice: an intellectual of great mark, a dweller in Cambridge, an academic who follows carefully University politics, he fills the gap well. His name will add distinction to the Opposition. In some ways it is a pity there are other Unionists in the field; but in a University, if anywhere, we must have political independence. The caucus should not rule there. But how is it the Cambridge Liberals do not put forward a man? Surely between three Unionist candidates he might slip in. But in sight of such danger Unionists would no doubt close

up and Mr. Cox and Mr. Page drop out. As things are, they can afford to play a bit.

It was always quite understood that the Daylight Saving Bill would be heard of again. People laughed at first, but many of those "who came to scoff remained to pray" and were converted. Mr. Willet, the ingenious inventor, has an almost passionate supporter in Mr. Churchill, to whom it takes on a philanthropic guise, as he connects it with his Shop Hours Bill. But he will not gain by his scorn of the "agricultural interest". It is the largest and nationally quite the most important industry, and is no more selfish in shying at the Bill than are other interests in welcoming it. Still, Mr. Willet may yet see daylight with his Bill. Many of the railway companies are in favour of it. The foreign time-table is the difficulty. But astronomic time is Greenwich everywhere; so why not railway time everywhere English?

Lord Curzon had a busy day at Glasgow on Wednesday between the ceremonial of Installation, changing of raiment, undergraduate hubbub, his address, luncheon, the ladies of Queen Margaret's and the Students' Union. "East and West"—which fills the world and all history past and future—had to come into an interstice of time. But it was not for the moment, this solid contribution to an eternal question. The address should be read as a book—it is not to be taken in gulps in the pauses of interruption by Scotch students. An address on Oriental manners would have come in well—but who could make Eastern politeness intelligible to that audience? But Lord Curzon pointed one moral home: "Never look down upon the Eastern". No; offensive in the depths is the up-to-date primer-crammed Western young man patronising the descendant of empires and civilisations and philosophies ancient before Caesar.

With the development of British enterprise in that portion of New Guinea which Australia rescued from Gladstonian indifference the question is asked, What will become of the native Papuan? Is he to go the way of the Red Indian, the Maori and the Australian black, or will he thrive as the Kaffirs in South Africa? Mr. Murray, the Lieutenant-Governor, at the Colonial Institute on Tuesday, in a capital speech which has not been reported, pointed out the one direction in which security for the Papuan in contact with the European may be found. If the Papuan will work, there is a chance for him. If not, his end is at hand. No amount of attempted coddling and philanthropy can save him. Will the Papuan work? Mr. Murray thinks he will. He is avaricious and is prepared to labour so long as labour brings its reward in hard cash. He is essential to the prosperity of this semi-tropical country. Papua's neighbour, Queensland, would be better off with a large force of black labour. In that respect Queensland will be badly handicapped in competition with British New Guinea.

Canada and the United States have reached a tariff agreement. There is not, it seems, to be any actual treaty. The changes will be made by concurrent legislation; that is, each party will revise its tariff independently of the other. If the changes were made the subject of a special treaty, it would require a two-thirds majority in the American Senate to give it effect. Making the change by a simple measure, introduced in each country independently, to modify certain clauses in the existing tariff is a move to circumvent opposition in the Second Chamber. Another advantage of the concurrent method is that Canada does not thereby tie herself up in a treaty which might embarrass a preferential arrangement with Great Britain.

The scope of the agreement is rather wider than some expected. Almost it is a bargain for Free Trade in natural products—wheat is free and the commoner

foodstuffs. Till the schedules are published in full it is not possible to say how far the British preference is damaged. Opposition speakers in the Dominion House of Commons are clearly afraid of this. Doubtless the arrangement will soothe the Western farmers, whose agitation must notably have influenced the Government in the terms they have made.

Meantime the American Democrats are busy upon a Tariff Bill to be drawn up in opposition to the Payne Tariff of the Republicans. At the time of the Democratic victories in the autumn there was a good deal of talk by Free Traders of the part played by the tariff question in the Republican defeat. One would have thought that the Democrats were Free Traders to hear the moral drawn by Radicals here from their success. Of course, free imports is the last thing they mean, they only want to ease the prohibitive Republican tariff. The competitive tariff of the Democrats aims at protecting home markets from unfair competition, precisely the object of Tariff Reformers in Great Britain. Mr. Underwood is to be appointed Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives in the place of Mr. Payne, and the new tariff framed by the Committee will be known as the Underwood Tariff. On the main question Mr. Underwood is clear enough: "There never has been a platform of a National Convention since the organisation of the Democratic party that has advocated Free Trade theories".

The Young Turks have another rebellion on their hands, and are fearful of a whole crop. Tribesmen are out in the Yemen, and the question in Constantinople is how far it is safe to mobilise the Albanians for an expedition to put down the rebels. Already they have objected to be mobilised, claiming immunity from service abroad; and, if the Young Turks are not very careful, they will have Albania on their hands again as well as Arabia. There is even talk of giving the revolted Arabs all they ask, for fear of presenting the Albanians with an opportunity. The Macedonian Bulgars are also astir. In Turkey trouble in one place means trouble everywhere.

The Duke of Connaught toasted the Boy Scouts on Monday, and presented to their Headquarters Fund, from the King, a cheque for £50. The more Boy Scouts the better; and certainly the figures are good—a hundred thousand odd in Great Britain, and nearly a quarter of a million taking them through the world. The Duke of Connaught remembered that in South Africa "in every town I went to there were the Boy Scouts. They were ready to turn their hands to any duty. Whether in helping fainting people in the crowds, stopping runaway horses, or helping to keep guard on ceremonial occasions, they were always to the front". The code of the Boy Scouts is good, breathing of the open air. Of the open air, too, is the woodcraft and scoutcraft whose elements they are put to master.

The present difficulty as to the Mall improvement is quite new. The old difficulty was one of money pure and simple—who was to pay? Now the paying is almost arranged. The total cost will be about £146,000. The L.C.C. offers £75,000; the Westminster City Council £50,000; the Government £25,000. Where, then, is the difficulty? The difficulty is that neither the Government nor the L.C.C. wants to be responsible for the actual work to be done. The Government pleads that the site of the proposed improvement lies outside its jurisdiction and that a special Act of Parliament will be required before it can begin operations. The L.C.C. wants to pay the money and be quit of the whole thing. Between them, it is hardly likely that the Mall will be ready for the Coronation. Certainly there is no time for an Act of Parliament.

Some mistake about the signals seems to have been the cause of the railway collision near Pontypridd on Monday, as it was of the very similar accident at Hawes Junction in Scotland a month only ago. At Pontypridd a local stopping train ran into a stationary mineral train, both heading in the same direction; at Hawes it was an express that overtook moving light engines. Thus it must be a matter of signalling, and there are only two alternatives: a blunder, negligence or frailty of some person, or a defect of machinery. And it possibly may be either without the "wild justice of revenge" rightly falling on any, as at Hawes. Any such accident is terrible, and comparison only affords such mitigation as that at Pontypridd there was no outbreak of fire, that it was not dark, and that the sufferers were two fewer and help was brought more quickly to those who survived.

Liberal Opinion Limited, against which Mr. Simmons got a verdict for £5000 damages in the St. George's-in-the-East election libel, is as baffling as Mrs. Harris. Lawyers are talking of it as an "apparent legal entity" and "a quasi personality", and do not know what to make of it. Mr. Justice Darling was applied to and asked to make the solicitors who had acted for it, as if it were a real vital person, liable to the plaintiff for his costs. This the judge said he could not do any more than if they had acted for a woman as "femme sole" who was married. There is to be an appeal. If it is reversed "so much the better", said Mr. Justice Darling, who had made no secret of his wish to make the solicitors pay if it had been a matter for his discretion and not purely legal. Since then, on the application of the plaintiff, who admits sorrowfully he cannot get at the real persons behind the "quasi entity", he has entered judgment for the plaintiff for the £5000 and costs against "Liberal Opinion", though "there is no such thing, is there?" he remarked. But we fear the plaintiff won't be much happier for getting it.

More ecclesiastical general post. Dr. Talbot from Southwark to Winchester; Archdeacon Sinclair from S. Paul's to rustication. No one will gainsay the Bishop of Southwark's title to a place of greater dignity and less work. His neck has been in the collar for many a year almost without respite. He has fagged nobly for the Church in creating the See of Southwark and starting it on its course. As for the Archdeacon of London, why is he resigning? His stalwart figure and fine presence, now so very familiar, never suggested breakdown from work or anything else. How will the City halls and dinners go on without him?

No fault can be found with Mr. Frank Short's election as Academician engraver. His work, both in mezzotint and etching, has high worth. The honour done to Mr. D. Y. Cameron is also excellent. His etchings, quite unintelligible to the stupid, have a rare merit and originality. But it is hard to be in the least enthusiastic about the rewards the Royal Academy gives to merit. It elects good men from time to time; it is bound to—but what of its elections of merely successful and loudly acclaimed men, and what of its studied neglect of men of talent, even genius now and then, who struggle and struggle against the stream and at length go under? There is no true academy of merit with us either for art or literature. Which is the worse calling for men with originality and gift, but without means, it would be hard to say. Perhaps art is the kinder of the two, for it does not destroy the health so surely as the other. But there is very little between the two in pay, in comfort, or in recognition. As relaxations art and literature in England to-day are beautiful; as callings, save to the lucky few, they are, as Bitzer said of gambling, ridiculous.

For a few brief days of late there has been a check to the flow—the flood—of six-shilling, and three-and-sixpenny, and two-shilling fiction. Such checks, for some cause one cannot divine, do happen now and

then; but, alas! the result seems always this—the flow, when it starts again, is only stronger than ever. This huge output of novels is a deplorable, and a really pitiable, feature in current "literature". Few, except those who follow the thing at all closely, and know the quality as well as quantity of new novels, appreciate the extent of the evil. A really fine novel, a novel worth writing and reading, is one of the most difficult forms of literature. The gift is as rare as the gift of poetry; and yet to-day thousands, even tens of thousands of people, both sexes, all ages, are engaging in the business. For one novel that is actually printed hundreds are written, sent to people who describe themselves as literary agents ("literary agents" !), and finally put into waste-paper sacks.

Many of the unpublished novels that end in the sack or basket are as good as the novels that are published. We have seen passages, even pages, of real beauty and truth in manuscripts that are never printed because they have not the sensational appeal which the novel-reading public wants. No doubt if a manuscript is really good throughout, it will find a printer as a rule, though it may never find the public; but our point is that mediocre manuscripts of novels which contain some really good things have less chance of a sale to-day than many novels that contain nothing good, but are attractive through sensation.

Some good might be done if the press would take this matter up seriously and impress on people that only clever writers who have seen a great deal of life and have the critical power and the imagination can produce good novels. A great deal has been said of late years about the extreme difficulty of writing short stories. No doubt the art is a very hard one; but that of writing a good, long story is even harder. The long story clearly needs all the knowledge of life and all the critical power and imagination that are called for in the short story; and it needs as well a greater energy and power of sustained work. Subtlety, refinement, characterisation are needed, too, in equal measure. And yet these thousands and thousands of hapless authors set out year after year to produce good novels, though they have none of these gifts, and are only rich in industry and ambition, which might be put into other work to excellent effect! The whole thing is pitiable. It is as if tens of thousands of people set out to rival Pheidias or Bartolozzi without having any gift of sculpture or stipple.

Servants, it seems, are regularly solicited by agents of the press to tell tales about their employers. The newspapers have suddenly become indignant about this, though they all knew it well enough all the time. How do the American and British newspapers get their Society bits? Either they must come from the subjects themselves of the paragraphs; from their friends; or from the servants; or the journalists invent them. We suspect that all these sources are freely tapped. The present outcry is little more than the protest of one source against another. And we must say that to pretend that Americans are the culprits in the matter is humbug. The real vice, of course, is the demand for this kind of news. While there is a demand for scandal it will be supplied, and every source of supply will be drawn upon. People who like reading good about themselves and bad about their friends in the papers must not cry out upon those who keep them supplied.

Eighteen hundred pounds for the transfer of a football player from one professional team to another! A record indeed. What is the Football Association about allowing these transfers after the season has once begun? Their whole system of management has made a typical English game the disgust and the contempt of all fair-minded sportsmen. At the last big match we saw the game was stopped for penalties on an average every three minutes.

#### THE APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE.

PARLIAMENT will meet next session under conditions perhaps unique in the history of this country. The Government have proposed an alteration in the Constitution amounting to a revolution. Before such a proposal was made one would have expected something like a ferment in the country—at the very least, symptoms of popular unrest. All such signs are conspicuously absent. At the most there is a languid impression on the one side that the Lords have recently been taking too much upon themselves, coupled with a desire, as more than one elector expressed it, "to give the Lords a bang on the nose". On the other hand, the idea of single-chamber government would excite genuine horror if it were not regarded as altogether outside the range of practical politics. The result was seen in the late election. Though the issues were in fact quite different from those in the previous election, the voters persisted in regarding matters as substantially in the same condition as they then were, and voted accordingly.

One cause of this curious apathy is the failure of the Unionist party and its leaders to impress the country with the reality of the dangers which threaten it. Somehow or another that elusive personality the Man in the Street regards much of the outcry as a political trick to excite and profit by his alarm. He is entirely wrong, but his mistake is to some extent excusable. That one of the great English parties should without any adequate cause propose to tear up the Constitution is to the outsider unlikely. That such a movement should be supported by men like Sir Edward Grey is incredible. The truth is no one outside politics can realise the lengths to which party spirit will induce otherwise fair-minded men to go. To non-politicians who do not take the trouble to investigate matters for themselves it is far more credible that the Parliament Bill is the relatively moderate proposal which it is alleged to be by its Whig supporters than that such men should be advocating a revolution because three or four Liberal measures have been rejected and a Budget has been delayed for a few months. Nor, as we have said, can we altogether acquit Unionists of contributing to the unfounded optimism of the average elector. There has been a want of seriousness on the part of many Unionists in dealing with the very grave situation in which we are. The matter has been treated too much as if it were an ordinary political question. Debating has been ingenious rather than animated. Unionist policy has lacked firmness and determination. Indeed, among some sections of the party, of no influence, though of great vehemence, there have been signs that their attitude on the Constitutional question was entirely subordinate to their desire to clear the way for other items of the Unionist programme. Even now many Unionists seem much more occupied in recriminations amongst themselves than in making common cause against the foe.

All this is utterly deplorable. That there are certain defects in the personnel and machinery of our organisation may be true. If so, let them be amended with as little public discussion as possible. In the meantime, let us close our ranks and concentrate our attention on our main business, which is to repel the Radical attack on the fundamental institutions of our country. Above all, it is of vital importance that Unionists should understand what they want and what they are fighting about. The great objects for which all government stands are freedom, justice, and national existence. In the view of the Unionist party—a view shared by practically all civilised nations—the first two of those objects, if not the third, can only be attained in a democracy by a bicameral Constitution. It is not safe to entrust a single chamber, however constituted, with unrestricted power over the lives and happiness of their fellow subjects, even for a limited time. In other words, the supremacy of the House of Commons must be resisted at all hazards. For this purpose the Second Chamber must be maintained, and it must be a real Second Chamber, and not

a sham one such as would remain to us if the Parliament Bill became law. We do not, of course, deny that in some circumstances the power to delay a bill for two years might be of value. But we do assert that, under the Government proposals, the retention of any power by the House of Lords would, as Lord Lindley has pointed out, depend on the will of the House of Commons. The Peers would in the future exercise such constitutional functions as were left to them with a halter round their necks. That is an intolerable position, inconsistent alike with independence and self-respect. The minimum right which a Second Chamber should possess, to be of any value, is the right to require that before a legislative proposal is passed it should be approved by a majority of the electors. This seems to us to be the key of the position, the kernel of the controversy. All the other questions, important though they be, are matters of machinery. Even the Referendum is but an improved method of consulting the electors. We hold it to be a very great improvement on a General Election. It seems to us simpler, cheaper, more direct, and therefore more accurate, and of great educational value. But if it were practicable to have a General Election over every controversial piece of legislation, there would be no objection in principle to such a solution. So, too, with the Reform of the House of Lords. We entirely desire such a reform. On every ground we are anxious to see a Second Chamber impartial enough to insist on an appeal to the electors in the case of any large legislative proposal, whatever its source, and strong enough not to be afraid of discharging its duty. To achieve these objects considerable changes must be made. If the hereditary principle be preserved intact, impartiality cannot be secured. On the other hand, to cut the new Chamber completely adrift from the hereditary basis of the old one seems to us not only an unnecessary piece of vandalism, but also a proceeding which by offending the conservative sentiment of the country would be likely to impair the authority of the new House. The Second Chamber should therefore contain an hereditary element leavened by so many members chosen for life from outside as will secure a fairly even division of parties. Reform on these lines is desirable and indeed necessary, because without it a full, free and effective appeal to the electorate cannot be obtained. And this appeal is the essential thing on which the whole efforts of the Unionist party should be concentrated. It is the touchstone by which all constitutional proposals may be tried. Without it no checks and safeguards, however ingeniously contrived, are worth the paper on which they are written. It may be desirable to have a Second Chamber for the purposes of revision and reconsideration. But its ultimate use is to preserve men from injustice. That it cannot do unless it has the power of rejection, subject only to the overruling authority of the electorate. On this point no compromise is possible. The principle of the Appeal to the People, together with the necessary machinery to carry it out, is vital. On all other matters there is room for compromise. Joint sessions to settle matters of detail, the procedure by which the appeal is to be made, the amount of recognition to be given to the hereditary principle, even the introduction of an elective element into the Second Chamber, are all matters on which mutual concessions may well be made. But on the main question we have no doubt that any course, though it lead to the wholesale ennoblement of Radical wirepullers, is preferable to surrender.

#### SIR CHARLES DILKE.

THE sudden death of Sir Charles Dilke stirs some ancient memories. It is not that Sir Charles was very old—he was only in his sixty-eighth year. But he entered Parliament at the early age of twenty-five, as member for Chelsea in 1868. Handsome, rich, and a baronet, the ball seemed at the feet of the dashing young Republican, for nothing short of the abolition of the monarchy would satisfy Sir Charles Dilke in his salad

days. He moved the reduction of the Civil List on the ground that the Court cost too much. Gladstone, who had no sense of humour and an imperfect sympathy with the ebullitions of youth, rebuked the member for Chelsea ponderously, and never forgave the offence, though he might have remembered the fine wit of Dryden's lines :

" Some were for laying honest David by,  
On principles of pure good husbandry".

Those were the days when Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain were sworn allies and hunted in couples. Their friendship was the cause of some difficulty in the formation of the Gladstone Government in 1880. Mr. Chamberlain was admitted to the Cabinet as President of the Board of Trade, but Sir Charles Dilke was left out, notoriously on account of those early republican speeches. It was currently affirmed at the time that Mr. Chamberlain threatened to resign unless his friend was admitted to some post, and accordingly he was made Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and two or three years afterwards promoted to the Presidency of the Local Government Board, the Cabinet, and the Privy Council. This was the zenith of his career, for Destiny, with her silent, secret feet, was running him down. It was in 1885, if we remember right, that Sir Charles Dilke became involved in one of those malodorous mysteries which occasionally subtract from their country's service some of her ablest sons. Unlike the cases of Parnell and Wilde, the charge against Sir Charles Dilke was never conclusively proved, and he always denied it. But he had to disappear from public life for a time. With a courage that elicited the admiration of friend and foe, Dilke reappeared shortly afterwards as candidate for the Forest of Dean—relieving his host, Mr. Godfrey Samuelson, of the seat—and the miners, either accepting his denial or not caring whether the charge was true or false, elected him by large majorities for the remainder of his life.

Though the door of office was naturally "banged, bolted, and barred" in his face, Sir Charles Dilke became an important member of Parliament, on the front bench below the gangway. It could not be otherwise, for his energy was untireable and his knowledge was encyclopaedic. As the firm mouth and erect, well-knit figure indicated, he had great will power, the faculty of rapid decision, and abnormal bodily vigour. He took up labour questions, and was at one time talked of as the possible leader of the Labour party. Indeed he took up all questions, the Army, the Navy, foreign affairs, old age pensions, telegraphy, arbitration—all was grist that came to his mill. The only thing Sir Charles Dilke could not do was to sit still and label his thoughts. He was for ever reading, writing, talking, caballing, forming committees, intriguing. Yet he never succeeded in gathering any followers about him or in acquiring popularity or confidence. He had the defects of his qualities. Dilke knew everything; but he had arranged nothing; he had no sense of perspective, or method of exposition. His mind was like a bank of sand, from which arid facts trickled perpetually, without a clearly marked channel. His restlessness inspired distrust, apart from the prejudice which men never can overcome against one who has got himself into a mess. Then Dilke's knowledge was so rare that in talk he was overbearing and egotistical. Latterly it must be confessed that he became conversationally a bore. Yet Sir Charles Dilke was one of the distinguished men of the late Victorian period, and many of his political views were sound. He was staunch on the subject of the Empire, and he will possibly be best known to the next generation as the author of "Greater Britain", a work which he travelled round the world to write. His ideas were not "sickled o'er" by the sentimentalism of the present Radicals, and perhaps his politics may best be summed up as manly. Sir Charles Dilke was one of the many "might-have-beens", the clever men, who stumble in the mire, and, picking themselves up, run frantically on, with loud pitiful cries.



## THE DECLARATION OF LONDON.

A NEW and significant departure in imperial policy has resulted from the Declaration of London, one which will have effects long after that document has been enshrined in International Law or buried in the dust of historical archives. To understand the full bearing of the actions taken by Australia and South Africa resulting in the postponement of the Naval Prize Bill, we should bear in mind that our bureaucratic Government threw over the traditional policy of the country as practised and preached by Chatham and Pitt. It proved itself feeble in council when dealing with potential enemies, and forcible only in its assertion of power to pass the Declaration of London over the heads of the people. On July 21 and 27, 1909, Sir Edward Grey said the Declaration did not require parliamentary sanction. As for the Hague Conference, he ridiculed the suggestion of a Liberal member to publish the proceedings in English, though he himself cannot speak French. Apparently it was only when it was found that the British Prize Courts and the Privy Council stood in the way that Sir Edward Grey altered his tone in regard to Parliament. He found that a Naval Prize Bill would have to be passed making the International Court at The Hague a superior court for revising the decisions of the British Prize Courts in relation to the capture of merchant-ships. The Government has now encountered a new check through the Government of Australia giving notice of its intention, at the impending Imperial Conference, to move the rejection of Articles 48 to 54 of the Declaration of London and the omission of food from the list of conditional contraband. In the meantime the storm of opposition to this measure, which would easily have passed the House of Commons last year, is rising, and the interests most concerned are, through their Chambers of Shipping and Commerce, petitioning for its total rejection.

The whole subject of the Declaration bristles with difficulties which could never be adequately considered by a huge cosmopolitan committee like The Hague and London Conferences. There is also reason to believe some of the most vital objections to the Declaration of London are by no means to those clauses to which the Australian Government calls attention, but are to be found in rules hampering our exercise of blockade in a manner necessary to us from tactical considerations imposed by the new conditions of stationary mines and mobile torpedoes, together with the wide exercise of powers which steam and wireless telegraphy confer in covering extensive areas of water such as the exits from the North Sea. Furthermore, they are directly framed to hamper us in claims which it is a matter of life and death to us to exercise in reference to certain neutral States who, in the event of war, say, with Germany, may render us the unneutral service, under modern conditions of railways and canal traffic, of amassing wealth by defeating our blockade through carrying supplies to Germany. The Declaration of London will force us to declare war with such States before we can in any way interfere with shipping entering their ports. We have said enough to show that the Unionist party can no longer afford to ignore a situation which so well illustrates the necessity of preventing legislation in haste to be repented of at leisure—if we can speak of leisure in such a connexion. We see the need of adequate discussion, the need of check on hasty action, especially when attention is focussed in other directions, and most of all the need of curbing the Cabinet.

When the time comes for discussing the Naval Prize Bill the discussion is likely to be curtailed. Another danger we may infer from the futile way in which leading members of the Opposition have occasionally conducted naval debates, defending the Government against the arguments of its extreme Little Navy critics. We may expect half the rhetoric of the Opposition to be expended on rebutting proposals of the disarmament faction for the exemption of all private property from capture on the sea. To avoid this danger we respectfully suggest to Mr. Balfour that a small committee, of which Lord

Balfour of Burleigh might be chairman, should examine the question and advise as to the action to be taken in order to safeguard the interests of the British Empire in the exercise of its maritime power. Such a purely British Committee would command greater respect for its report than the deliberations of The Hague Conference, with its assembly of 150 foreign and six British delegates fettered by Government instructions. It will also supply in advance evidence and conclusions which will command as high a respect as the expert opinion which the Government may quote in its support. A few experts can always be found to supply a Government with opinions suited to its convenience, and the Radical Government has shown itself sufficiently unscrupulous to suppress or publish opinions as they suit the maintenance of its own prestige.

We have never been enamoured of international conferences, and our recent experiences in regard to The Hague and London Conferences have certainly not added to their doubtful charms. We would put it to the Radical party that they should set out for us what we have gained and what we have lost in the form of a moral balance-sheet. In the column of loss it is hardly necessary for us to slay the slain, since our Radical contemporaries are always lamenting the great race for armaments which has followed on The Hague Conference. As for the London Conference, we have exchanged a feeling of calm confidence for one of general anxiety, while Sir Edward Grey spends his time in explanations to Chambers of Commerce and Shipping with the result that the explanations only make matters worse. The gain has been purely negative. There is the great gain that the people of this country are tired of sacrificing the advantages of a great maritime Empire which should surely steer its course along the beaten track of centuries, for the sake of agreement in a roomful of representatives of jealous rivals and petty nations, ranging from Germany to Guatemala. In the second place, the blood-and-iron policy of the Teuton has once more been unmasked. There are three, and only three, directions in which naval war can be improved so as to save the neutral and humanise the conditions of war without affecting the power of the victorious belligerent to bring it to a speedy ending. The first of these is the severe restriction of the use of mines on the high seas; the second is to regularise any conversion of merchant ships into warships with notification of their names in peace, so that any steamer cannot at will become a warship by the simple process of bringing up guns from the hold on the high seas after masquerading as a merchant ship; and the third is that prizes should always be taken into port and receive a fair trial from a legally constituted prize court. In not one of these particulars could the representatives of our maritime Empire make any impression or secure any concession worthy of the name from the representatives of land Powers who have historically always desired to deprive us of everything which ministered to our dominance of the seas. In our view, the obvious instructions for our delegates in such a situation should have been to hold closely to the principles which have proved themselves in practice, remembering that our interests as a belligerent are of the most vital character, whereas our interests as a neutral are merely those risks of individual ships, possibly one ship here and there among a thousand others, which are easily covered by insurance.

Sir Edward Grey is not by temperament a very industrious man nor is he a student of history. He seems to have been unduly impressed by our interests as a neutral through some six years of correspondence with Russia over the fates of a dozen British ships in the Russo-Japanese war. It does not appear to have impressed him so much that the long era of neutrality, now unhappily drawing to a close, was the direct result of magnificent sacrifices in a war in which we clung to the widest exercise of belligerent power on the sea in the teeth of all the remonstrances of Europe and America. Sir Edward Grey might further have instructed our representatives to take note of the obvious hostility of the Continental Powers at the Conference as an indica-

tion of what might happen in any permanent international court, and therefore to refuse absolutely to agree to the supersession of the British Prize Courts by an International Prize Court sitting in some European capital, least of all by one sitting at The Hague, which lies in the shadow of German supremacy. As matters have stood for centuries our prize courts and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council afford a check on the action of naval officers for which there is no parallel check in, say, the operations of foreign generals in dealing with private property. And why? Because, as the German delegate said in reference to mines on the high seas, his Government declined to subscribe to rules which might be rendered impossible by circumstances, such circumstances obviously being the necessity of doing military acts for national ends with a view to winning a war. We, on the other hand, have, through the Government, agreed that, if Parliament does not force the repudiation of Sir Edward Grey's action, an alien committee is to be instituted to revise and restrain the actions of British naval officers on the high seas, or when blockading, and a majority of one in this committee of one British and twenty-one foreign representatives is to decide the matter.

As in our view the Declaration of London is bound up with the passing of the Naval Prize Bill we wish those who are agitating in the matter success. We are not greatly troubled with their holding, as we believe, the wrong end of the stick so long as they succeed in beating the life out of the Declaration of London. Otherwise, if we were concerned at the moment with the triumph of true principles of strategy, we would join issue with the idea they apparently cherish that the attack on an enemy's trade is necessarily an immediate operation of war. Certainly there are many precedents for this view owing to the general naval belief in past times in the difficulties of sailing-ship blockades. But so long as concentration is the first principle of war and the destruction of the enemy's fleet the Great Order, as Nelson called it, so long must a diversion of fighting ships to hunting down merchant ships be a minor issue and possibly a positive handicap to the ultimate destruction of an enemy's trade. It is when blockade is established—that is, when the military power of the enemy is so weakened that he is unable to drive off warships arresting the great bulk of his trade by sea—that the ultimate operation of destroying trade becomes the primary object of war, with the view of bringing home the sufferings of war to an entire people. We believe that power to have been seriously weakened by recent conferences, and so we desire that the evil done may be arrested as far as possible by the rejection of the Naval Prize Bill.

#### REAL EASTERN QUESTIONS.

A CATCHPENNY tag from one of Mr. Kipling's rhymes is about the staple of the average Englishman's thought of East and West—the average Englishman, citizen of a democracy, and so one of the rulers of an empire which, in Lord Curzon's words, "contains more men of coloured skin than any other dominion (with the single exception of China) in the world". Moreover in this empire "coloured men outnumber whites by at least seven to one". Yet could the average man, or the unaverage for that matter, get to know much more by taking thought? Lord Curzon's Glasgow address hardly makes one think so. Lord Curzon, one feels, if any man, ought to know something about this matter of East and West; yet he leaves us at the end much where we were at the beginning. It cannot be denied that the expert is generally disappointing as an illuminant. He does not throw half such a bold, bright light on things as the man who imagines instead of knowing. The expert may not tell you what is wrong but he debars himself from telling you what is right. In everything the whole truth can be got at only by brilliant guessing. Most brilliant guesses are, of course, wide of the mark, but the happy hit is made

at last. The expert will never draw a bow at a venture. He avoids wades but does not get bull's-eyes. Because it is impossible to explain what is the difference between East and West Lord Curzon puts the question by, and we have to fall back on the Kipling tag. Like most cheap sayings it has something in it. Lafcadio Hearn settled that. He lived amongst the Oriental people who are supposed most to upset the old idea of the gulf between East and West, who have most successfully put on a Western exterior. He did his utmost to become a Jap: married a Japanese lady, took on Japanese religion; and in the end admitted that he knew less of the Japanese mind than when he first came to settle amongst them. The Japanese was a person unknowable to the European. It is not sacred, but blank ignorant, simplicity that sees in the sudden taking to Parliaments and elections and all the other paraphernalia of popular government by these Eastern nations an evidence of any real change in their character. The Japanese made the change as part of a scientific calculation. They saw that the nations that were most powerful in arms and commerce had Parliaments, and, inferring a probable if not necessary connexion, determined to try the experiment. As for the Persians and Turks, they must be in the fashion; the Chinese turn to it as the last specific for a desperate plight. It is the only remedy, barring honest administration, which they have not tried. As to the real question between East and West—this general parliamentation shows nothing.

With his usual insolent superiority the Briton—we might say the white man—assumes that because the Oriental is different he must be inferior. We talk of the Oriental as a sort of ancient dreamer who spends his idle days smoking opium and ruminating on the past; we think of Oriental peoples as made to show the superior capacity for government of the Westerns. We smile at their unprogressiveness. All this is fatuous in connexion with the eternal East and West problem. These differences need mean nothing more than the Orientals came in first, Westerns second. "Illos primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis." In their day they were the pioneers, they were the progressives, they were the makers of history. We hear eternally of the Greeks beating the Persians, but at that very time the Persians ruled over more Greeks than the Greeks who stood up to them. Athens and Sparta resisted them, as it turned out, successfully. But in the affairs of the vast Persian empire it was a small matter. The idea that the West has always beaten the East will not do. Alexander beat the Persians, who were then in their early decline. The Romans beat them—and beat the Greeks and everybody else, West and East, saving only the Parthians, who were Eastern. Difference between East and West is not in progressiveness or energy or that kind of thing. "The nations of the East" may have "let the legions thunder past" and then plunged in thought; but only as an old man would let a foot-pad pass and think over it when he was gone, if he did go. In his youth he would not have let the foot-pad go quietly by. But in what the difference between East and West is none can tell us. Is it even difference between East and West at all? Is it not rather difference in colour? Lord Curzon seems to say not. Yet his sharp geographical distinction between East and West is purely arbitrary. His dividing line simply could not be a fundamentally dividing line of character. Do we not all think of the Moors and the Arabs as Oriental? But they are not in the East, unless we are too. For after all East and West is a relative idea. True, there are many coloured peoples no one thinks of as Eastern. None the less whites feel separated from them as they do from the East. Lord Curzon urges that resistance to Orientals by America, Canada, Australia is economic, not of colour. But has any Western people boycotted any white Eastern people or fraternised with any coloured Western people? On the whole it seems that whatever the fundamental difference may be, it is rather between white and coloured than between East and West.

Whether we ever fathom this deep-down difference

or not, the practical question is need this difference affect mutual relations, and if it must, how can we make it tell best or least harmfully? It is the great question for British statesmen. In this, as in so many other ways, we have put on the Roman mantle. We, a Western people, have to govern an empire partly Western, still more Oriental. Like them we believe it is our mission to govern the world, and those who do not take the same view we have unfortunately had to crush, and we are delighted to treat them well when they have knocked under (*parcere subiectis*). It was most certainly to the advantage of the conquered and of the world that they were brought within the Roman polity; but still more to the advantage of Rome. And we believe that both the world and the Orientals we have brought within our Empire have gained thereby; but it is no good pretending that was our idea in doing it. Like the Romans, we conquered in our own interest, and if the conquered gained too, so much the better; and if the world gained too, better still. But, flattering unction as some may call it, we do believe that our conquests and dominion have turned out for the good of the conquered. This moral prop of the pride of empire no man must take from us. But this twice blessed dominion can be kept up only in one of two ways, or perhaps a something of both. Either we must make our subject Orientals so well satisfied with the British order that they themselves become its spontaneous defence or we must always have power reserved to compel, and they must know it. British we cannot make them as the Romans made their conquered peoples Roman. Colour comes in the way. A conspicuously able Spaniard could become even Roman emperor; but could he have, had he been black, brown, or yellow? At present we do not make our Orientals citizens of the Empire. Can we afford to give up the status of ruling caste, dominant people? Lord Curzon evidently thinks not, and we believe he is right. But we are bound at any rate to regard his exhortation and never despise the Eastern. Heaven knows we have no ground to do so. Yet we allow white colonies to refuse elementary rights to Oriental British subjects. Can we conceive any Roman municipality being suffered to refuse "earth and water" to any Roman subject from another part of the empire? Lord Curzon had nothing to say on this point. It was a staring omission; but a very thorny subject.

But East and West is a practical matter for the world as well as for the British Empire. Orientals outnumber whites by many: they live in content incomparably more cheaply; they will give in labour to society as large and as good a contribution for much less return, or pay, than the white man. How can the white man stand against him economically? Well, he plainly thinks he cannot; for out of sheer funk he boycotts the Oriental. But if the Oriental is going to acquire all Western material inventions, going to learn all our ways, master our motors, flying machines, destroyers, Maxims, non-stop expresses, tubes, telephones, gramophones, ready-reckoners, typewriters, shorthand, and every other Western infernal machine, all our civilisation without our Christianity (as Lord Curzon forecasts), all our material cunning with all their moral cunning and cruelty, where will the white man be then? No need to imagine Hun-like irruptions into Europe and America. Peaceful penetration will be quite enough. Well, the white man will soon see that natural selection at that rate will not select him. So he must go in for unnatural resistance. Then will come the tug of war. The Japanese have proved themselves the white man's equal in war. They will not be permanently kept out of America or any other country while they remain a State at all. But the Japanese are in their heyday. They have always been a fighting people. The Chinese have never been a fighting people. The Persians once were; the Turks and Arabs were once a conquering race. But China and Persia and Morocco and Turkey are in their old age. The great time of every one of them as States is in the past. "Young" Turkey? Playing at Parliament may be a child's game, but it won't make an old man young. The

elderly belle who dresses in the latest fashion for girls does not make herself young. Does anybody in the world expect to see another Turkish Empire? Oriental peoples will persist—the hand of friendship may make them our friends—but in the peril, yellow or brown, of Oriental States we do not believe. Nations, like dogs, have their day, and they do not have it twice.

#### LIBEL AND THE DOCK.

WITH his easy levity Mr. Justice Darling adopted a mischievous suggestion made by the jury in Mr. Simmons' libel action against the non-existent Liberal Opinion Co. Ltd. A jury naturally takes short views. It has not the experience to imagine ulterior consequences; but a judge should have more imagination. On learning that Mr. Simmons could not get his £5000 damages the jury jumped to the conclusion that there ought to be some means of punishing the defendants other than with damages. They meant the criminal prosecution of all defendants in all libel actions. In this particular case only there might be no reason to object, as a very bad set of facts had come out after a full civil trial. Mr. Justice Darling, however, took the opinion and, applying it generally, approved it. He thought the time had come when these libels must be stopped. There was a remedy: to publish libels was a criminal offence, and he hoped that in the interest of public morality people would consider whether a prosecution was not a proper remedy.

Mr. Justice Darling therefore wishes the criminal law to be applied more widely to "these libels", meaning such political ones as that he had tried and, it would seem, others indefinitely; perhaps always when the defendant cannot pay damages. This is a casual and ill-considered view, dangerous in its consequences; and the law of libel would become worse than it is already, and it is bad enough, if the restrictions now put on commencing criminal prosecutions for libel were relaxed. He advises plaintiffs in political cases to apply oftener to the Attorney-General or a judge to grant an order allowing a criminal prosecution, and suggests that the orders on such applications should be made more readily than they are at present. We can hardly suppose him to mean that anybody should be at liberty to start a criminal prosecution against anybody; yet the mere words do not exclude even this supposition. But taking him on the less absurd alternative, it is obvious that politics would not be improved by making a Government official or a judge the arbiter in a political libel to decide whether a criminal prosecution should be instituted or not. Nor are wrangling politicians or town or county councillors sufficiently important to apply a method to their quarrels which has hitherto been reserved for political libels in the old sense—real Government prosecutions.

Is a Tariff Reformer to be sent to prison for the inferences a Free Trader may make from his principles; or a Free Trader to incur the same fate at the hands of the Tariff Reformer? Either can prove to his own logical satisfaction that the other wants "to starve the children". But this is the very banality of political discussion. Why should we apply the criminal law to it, and expose politicians and newspaper editors who are sufficiently blackmailed already by civil libel actions to more serious blackmailing? Prison is a very nice treat to hint at to an unfortunate politician or editor who, though doing his best according to his intellectual and moral lights, has been too emotionally logical or too logically emotional. In an emotional moment he may declare that as Mr. A is a Free Trader, and free trade means less work, therefore Mr. A wants to starve the working man's children. Let him suffer in damages, if a jury thinks he ought; but make him a criminal! Would it not be better to wait until he says Mr. A has actually and not inferentially starved his own or other people's children? We mean of course that the prosecution for criminal libel should be reserved for those who make malicious accusations of recognised immorality or crime.

Threatening a man with a criminal prosecution and prison are enormously different from threatening him with damages in a civil action. It may be right, if he makes mistakes, due to negligence, in his paper or on a platform, to punish him with damages as for other civil injuries. People understand this; and a man may lose his action without losing his character for honesty and good intentions and respectability. They believe that the criminal law is only used against those who deliberately do what they know is wrong against person or property. Extend the application of the criminal law to libel, and the sphere of the blackmailer is at once immensely enlarged. The politician or editor would have to think of much more than what he believes to be the honesty and truth of what he has written or said. This he would be ready to back and be prepared to lose in damages if a jury thought him wrong. But he shrivels up at once when he thinks how hopeless it will be for his family and ordinary friends to understand his position, if he is placed in the dock. They would never get over the damning fact that he had been sent to prison or fined for a criminal offence. He must have done something wrong, immoral, dishonest, disreputable; the family is disgraced and can no longer hold up its head. And all this the poor man is to bring on himself and his relatives, male and female, especially female, for a Tariff Reformer's or Free Trader's syllogism. The stake was often in other days the conclusion of a theological syllogism, but our modern politicians and editors are not going to prison for any sort of syllogism that was ever invented. The blackmailer quite understands this, and he will proceed forthwith to realise the hostages of the unfortunates whom the criminal law has delivered into his hands. Money will be extorted from them by threats of criminal prosecution instead of by threat of a civil action, and with much more deadly effect. It will only need to be whispered in the ears of politician and editor, and they will collapse. You need not prosecute a man to conviction if you want to taint him with the criminal reproach. Begin the prosecution; that is enough. If he gets off, he will always be reckoned more fortunate than deserving. He has his remedy for malicious prosecution. Has he? It is one of the very riskiest of all modes of legal redress; and of all actions for malicious prosecution that against a man who was making a criminal libel charge would be the most hopeless to maintain. In these political cases to which Mr. Justice Darling wants to extend the criminal law the whole controversy is often a mere tangle of opinion. The defendant sued for the malicious prosecution would simply have to say: It was my honest belief that the editor or the politician made statements that were injurious and malicious. That would be a good defence. Yet this is precisely the kind of defence which would have been of no avail to the unfortunate editor or politician originally prosecuted for a criminal libel. If Mr. Justice Darling's advice were followed, there would be an end of our independent criticism. Possibly in such a case as that against Liberal Opinion Limited there might be allowed after civil trial an application for a criminal prosecution. But it must be limited strictly to very bad cases, and should not be allowed merely because the defendant cannot pay the damages awarded. A man may still be ordered to prison for not paying his tailor, but he cannot and ought not to be indicted for it as a crime.

#### THE CITY.

THE reduction of the Bank rate on Thursday came as a welcome surprise to the Stock Exchange, particularly as the tightness of money during the two or three days preceding had acted as a curb on speculation and to a certain extent had reduced the investment demand. The markets responded promptly to the change, being led by Consols, which had previously yielded to the influences of monetary stringency. Consols may also have derived some benefit from the

discussion of schemes for "popularising" the premier security, although, as a matter of fact, none of the suggestions now brought forward is new. Particular attention has, however, been drawn to them by Sir Felix Schuster, whose utterances on financial and economic subjects always command respect in the City. In view of his well-known political opinions, together with the fact that Ministerial journals have been freely discussing the popularising of Consols of late, the City is wondering whether these hints and suggestions are inspired from Downing Street. The plea for granting greater facilities for transferring the stock is one which will receive practically unanimous support. The idea of issuing bearer bonds of £5 and £10 each, negotiable over the counters of the post offices, is also widely supported, but it may be doubted whether many small investors would be tempted. The suggestion that the stock should be free of income tax naturally appeals to the many; but the proposal to re-convert Consols to a 3 per cent. basis opens up once more a very vexed question. It is safe to say that among conservative banking authorities Sir Felix is in a minority in advocating this measure. Lord St. Aldwyn does not believe that any Chancellor of the Exchequer would carry it out until it had become manifest that the credit of the country could not be regarded as anything better than a little over 3 per cent. In other words, the scheme would not be good finance at the present time. On the question of national finance we may turn with advantage to the speeches delivered by the chairmen at the meetings of the various banks. There is a revival in business and the banks have had a good year, as may be seen from the balance sheets of the London County and Westminster, the London City and Midland, the National Provincial, and the Union of London and Smiths, which we publish elsewhere, but the results are sharply qualified by the depreciation of securities. Sir Edward Holden, at the London City and Midland meeting, in an able and fairly exhaustive review of "a record year" both from the point of view of trade and the bank, asked when will these depreciations cease? His answer is "When we obtain and retain more gold at a lower Bank rate".

In the Home Railway department the dividends so far announced have been most satisfactory. The Stock Exchange professed to be disappointed by the Great Eastern result; but the disappointment was due, not to the dividend, but to having expected too much. The declaration of 1 per cent. on South Eastern deferred, after a lapse of eleven dividendless years, is an illustration of the great progress made by our railways during the last twelve months; and the increased declarations by the Lancashire and Yorkshire, the Brighton and the Tilbury Companies are all entirely satisfactory, especially when considered in connexion with the liberal allocations to repairs, renewals, and similar funds. The 3½ per cent. announced on District first preferences was disappointing only to some who had, rather unreasonably, looked for 4 per cent. A year ago no dividend was paid on this stock, and now £10,000 is placed to renewals in addition to the dividend.

Canadian securities maintain their popularity, and American Rails have been well supported by Wall Street professionals. There are signs that the industrial situation in the United States is improving, but it remains to be seen whether the improvement has been discounted in present prices. Mexican Rails are strong on good traffics and hopes of economies from the use of oil fuel; but Argentine stocks are clouded by poor crop reports. Kaffirs and Rhodesians still claim a good share of notice. The Rhodesian gold output for 1910, amounting in value to £2,569,200, is slightly less than the 1909 total, but the causes thereof are that a large number of small properties hitherto worked by individuals have been taken over by companies, and crushing has been temporarily stopped pending the development of the properties and the installation of new machinery. The current year's production will easily eclipse all previous records. The chief new issue of the week is that of £300,000 5 per cent. Mortgage Bonds at 89 per cent. of the Cuban Telephone Company.

There is a marked revival of interest in Rubber shares. The buying has been strong, discriminative and widely spread, and although bear covering was in progress it was by no means the sole cause of the improvement. The demand was influenced largely by the steady rise in the price of the commodity, and the heaviest business has been done in the best-class shares. Oil descriptions maintain a firm front, with dealings on a smaller scale.

#### INSURANCE.

##### LONDON ASSURANCE REFORMS.

FOR two well-known reasons the life department of the London Assurance Corporation has not thus far proved a conspicuous success, and in recent years its management has been severely criticised, the allegation being that it was run too largely in the interests of the proprietors. There were undoubtedly grounds for complaint, and it is certain, at any rate, that the public was not attracted, notwithstanding the great age of the office and the celebrity attained by its fire department. For many years prior to 1895 the life premium income remained almost stationary at a total below £150,000; while the latest recorded amounts have been £174,356 in 1907, £174,645 in 1908, and £179,139 in 1909, when the demand for policies was stimulated by the expectation of higher death duties.

As the corporation issued its first contract of life assurance on 7 June 1721, it is evident that nearly one hundred and ninety years had been occupied in building up a premium income of about £180,000—not a very striking achievement, it may be said. Yet it was probably as much as could be expected in the circumstances, so faulty was the constitution under which the corporation worked. Until the first of the current month the proprietors were entitled to all profits derived from non-participating and annuity transactions, and also to one-third of the gross divisible surplus in the participating fund; all they gave in return was the security afforded by their share capital and an engagement to pay the expenses of managing the participating branch, not including commission paid to agents. The result of this most unjust arrangement, which had remained in force since the time when the London Assurance obtained its Royal Charter in 1720, was that the quinquennial sums drawn by the policyholders and shareholders respectively were apparently almost equal, as the following figures show :

Share of Surplus.	1891.	1896.	1901.	1906.
Policyholders	... £155,440	£143,619	£159,460	£163,830
Proprietors	... 142,720	141,810	154,730	151,920

No doubt these comparisons did the office a serious injustice; but it was one that could not easily be prevented, because the average person will not take the trouble to read explanatory footnotes. Owing to the expenses incurred in managing the participating branch being included in the proprietors' share of the surplus, their drawings were greatly exaggerated, whereas those policyholders who pay increased premiums in order to share in the profits have really had no particular cause to grumble. Ignoring interim bonuses, the sum divided among them in 1906 was equivalent to a cash return of 27½ per cent. on the ordinary premiums they had paid during the five years, and on a former occasion the average refund was somewhat greater.

It was, however, difficult in face of the figures cited to make people believe that the office was generally well managed and merited support. What was plainly seen was that the proprietors' drawings were excessive, while the excellence of the administration in respect to investments, expenditure and valuation methods passed almost unobserved.

Since the beginning of the New Year everything has been changed for the better, and new assurants will have no valid cause for complaint. While the non-participating premiums have been revised by the light of the most modern mortality tables, and at most ages of life show considerable reductions, the rates for partici-

pating policies have been amended so as to harmonise with the general practice. The more important reforms introduced affect, however, the rights of new participating policyholders, who have now been given 90 per cent. of the divisible surplus arising from all sources, including the profits from without-profit policies and annuities; and they will further receive their bonuses in an unobjectionable form. In future reversionary additions on the "compound" plan will be declared, the option being afforded recipients to commute either for cash or future reduction of premium. To this system, which gives the largest share of the profits to the old policyholders who have contributed most to the fund, unqualified approval can be accorded. Experience has proved that it is not only the fairest but the most satisfactory of the many systems which have been originated for the distribution of surplus, and there is clearly no reason now why the London Assurance should not henceforth become a really popular life office.

#### WHAT THE BUTLER SEES.

IT is a long time since the "Times" had an opportunity of coming out strong in the style of that immortal journal which Byron described as "My grandmother's Review the British". The "Times" is shocked at the discovery that the servants of the upper class are bribed by some newspapers to supply scandal, or at all events gossip, which is dressed by able editors and served hot and strong to the millions of vulgar, silly, and prurient toilers, whose chief amusement is to read about the vices and follies of their betters. Harriet Churchill is the journalistic name of the "dedecorum pretiosus emptor", who dwells at Birmingham, and gathers her wares from all quarters, from "girl friends", from valets, chambermaids, ladies' maids, and other sources not mentioned. The fact that Churchill, who may be a man or a woman, acts for an American news syndicate gives the "Times" an opening to address a lecture to the American press on the vileness of pandering to a low taste by means the most dishonourable. The impudence of this homily is only equalled by its insincerity. The letter to the butler, and the names of the people about whom scandal was required were only published, we are editorially informed, after careful deliberation. Somebody on the editor's staff must be perfectly aware that there are at least a dozen weekly journals in the metropolis alone which live by the purveyance of personal gossip. We need not give the names of these weeklies, most of which are what is called ladies' papers, and contain besides the fashion plates little else but details of the daily doings of those who are supposed to be "smart". We will mention two, the ablest, the most successful and the best conducted of them all. Nobody will question the statement that Mr. Labouchere's knowledge of human nature is, from the cynical point of view, unequalled. Some thirty years ago "Truth" was founded upon the correct assumption that the kind of news which interests most men and all women is how many lumps of sugar the Princess puts in her tea, or how many cigars the Prince smokes in the course of the day. Mr. T. G. Bowles, the founder and first editor of "Vanity Fair", discovered the same fact, and these gentlemen have had many imitators, unfortunately without their brains. Why should the "Times" lecture the Americans on doing what we do ourselves? It is true that the personal gossip is more coarsely served in American than in English papers, because the taste of American democracy is coarser than that of the English public. It is also probable that the American article is more libellous, because the law of libel is a dead letter in the United States. But the difference between the American and the British press in the matter of personalities is only one of degree, which does not justify our leading daily organ in assuming an air of moral superiority over our Transatlantic cousins. The heading of the leading article in the "Times" is "Pests of Society", and the writer finds special food for his

wrath in the reflection that it is our servants who act as paid spies upon our goings out and comings in. But is the fact even approximately true? It is unfortunately the case that loyal servants of the old school are getting very rare, if they have not disappeared. The aristocracy and the new rich are alone to blame for this. An upper class gets such servants as it deserves. Thackeray, that prince of snobs, decided that domestic service was a ridiculous and unworthy calling, and masters and mistresses have so persistently sneered at those who minister to their luxury (with a self-repression not observable in any other walk of life) that young men and women will do anything rather than wait behind a chair. But taking the modern servant at his worst, as a being whose sole nexus with his employer is cash, is he the chief purveyor of scandal to the press? For obvious reasons he cannot be so. It is almost impossible to hear conversation when one is moving about with plates; nobody talks secrets at dinner, and very few servants are capable of putting what they hear and see into any shape that would be of any use to the journalist. Lists of visitors, of course, are given by domestics and paid for, but we venture to say that even Harriet Churchill can extract very little "copy" from butlers, valets and maids. No; the greater part of the gossip and scandal that appear in society journals is supplied by ladies and gentlemen moving in that world on some footing or another. Most middle-aged people must remember the libel for which Mr. Edmund Yates went to prison. Well, the malicious paragraph was contributed by a countess, the wife of a "real live earl who kept his carriage", who had not even the excuse of poverty for her crime.

There is, to be sure, a distinction between scandal and gossip. We need not define scandal: gossip is the chitchat, vulgar and foolish enough, but comparatively harmless, about the doings and sayings and amusements of those who are known by name because of their rank, or their wealth, or their political or professional eminence. This sort of chatter is not only innocuous but quite permissible in conversation. Everybody who is human loves gossip, and, if everybody was honest, would admit it. It is only when the product of the unbuttoned mind is sold for money and appears in cold print that the baseness of the transaction is realised. Surely the betrayal of the confidences of the unguarded hours for money is one of the saddest specimens of human turpitude. But it is not the butler who sells confidences, for he receives none. He may be an eavesdropper, which has never been a popular character, but he is not half so bad as the man or woman who flits from house to house as a guest and pays expenses by telling tales out of school. Has it never occurred to the editor of the "Times" to ask who supplies all those bright and dainty paragraphs that furnish forth the tables of the society weeklies? As we have said, they are in point of information and style and lightness of touch far beyond the range of the domestic. The joke of the thing is that a great deal of the gossip about people in society or trying to get there is written by the people themselves, and the consideration, instead of moving from editor to contributor (as it ought to do), moves from contributor to editor. In other words, a great many people pay quite substantial amounts to have photographs or cartoons or woodcuts of themselves or their wives or their children printed in these journals, accompanied by descriptive letterpress. We recall an amusing or infamous instance of this in a weekly contemporary a year or two ago. A notorious candidate for Parliament, who was afterwards elected, was denounced at the City end of the paper as a shady promoter and shark, while at the society end of the paper there appeared a full-length cartoon of him described in fulsome terms as "the fishermen's friend" etc. Why, even the "Times" has started a personal column, and the editor can hardly be so ignorant of the managerial department as not to know that Mrs. Sniffington Smith's arrival at 101 Belgrave Square is a piece of news whose insertion is handsomely paid for. The whole unpleasant question of personal journalism is enveloped in our national atmosphere of snobbery

and hypocrisy. The very people who complain of their privacy being invaded have invited the photographer to snapshot their party of guns. The number of people who are high enough or celebrated enough to have their movements recorded, without their consent or without paying for it, is very small, and even they, the great ones of the earth, like the advertisement. Mr. Gladstone, as is well known, loved the minute record of his day in the prints. We once visited Mr. Cecil Rhodes at his hotel and found him seated at a table, with head on hands, devouring a pile of newspaper cuttings. Even the arena of politics has been invaded by personal journalism. For many years Sir Henry Lucy enjoyed a monopoly of the political article which dwelt meticulously on Mr. Balfour's spats or Mr. Gladstone's linen. But now all the papers have a House of Commons article which devotes quite as much space to the looks and dress as to the words of the orator. The supply is always an answer to the demand. The millions of newspaper readers are vulgar and silly, "and there's an end on't". It may be useless to lament a national infirmity. But we might at least restrain ourselves from mounting the pulpit of national insincerity.

#### MANKIND IN COUNCIL.

"**G**REAT is the historic pride of London. Great also are its manifold tragedies of squalor and poverty. This varied story will be distinguished in the summer of 1911 (26-29 July) by an episode both brilliant and unexampled. In London will assemble mankind in council. Representatives of all human groups will come from the four quarters, and lands that know the Pole Star and regions that lie under the Southern Cross will meet each other in friendly intercourse in the first Universal Races Congress." In fact, "the white conscience, awakening to its duty, calls to the black and yellow brethren to make closer acquaintance and render mutual faith and mutual aid, once virtues of the parish, henceforward virtues of the planet". "That's good; 'mobled queen' is good", said Polonius. Mankind in Council, by virtue of its four official languages, is going to undo the catastrophe of Babel in the present year of grace (26-29 July). Fifty nations are to meet in the Central Hall of the Imperial Institute Buildings. There are to be thirty Presidents of Parliaments, there are to be British Governors and Prime Ministers, one hundred and thirty professors, forty colonial bishops, and a host of delegates from The Hague. "As these messengers from The Hague enter the Congress one might imagine the wings of Peace, gloriously raised as in the noble figure of the Greek Victory, overshadowing the heralds of fraternity."

It is the idea of Dr. Felix Adler, Professor of Social Ethics in Columbia University. The President is Lord Weardale; the Vice-Presidents are Lord Avebury, the Archbishop of York, and Lord Morley. We wonder what degree of fraternal pressure was put upon the Archbishop of York, what sweetness of persuasion, what eloquence of appeal. If the envoys of Mankind in Council urged their case before him with one quarter the eloquence of the prospectus, one can understand his saying "Yes" to get rid of them. This Congress has set out to enjoy itself. A Congress is happy if it can talk without limit with the sure knowledge that nothing its members say will bind anybody to anything in particular. Mankind in Council has made careful arrangements that the talk shall be wholly untrammelled and irresponsible.

"I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have

Invest me in my motley; give me leave  
To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,  
If they will patiently receive my medicine."

To begin with, the Congress is to be so large that it can never practically arrive at a conclusion. Moreover, it carefully bars the way to doing anything definite.

"All outlooks are broad", runs the prospectus, "all treatments detached from the difficulties of the hour." Again, "the Congress is pledged to no particular party and to no particular scheme of reforms". In fact, everybody can say anything that comes into his head. It will bind nobody and will result in nothing. Here indeed is a Congress worthy to be attended. What need of entertainments or junketing when "speeches and logic appeal to the ear" and an "exhibition of photographs of the finest human types, of books, charts, skulls, etc., will attract the eye"? Perhaps we should add here that the Congress will be open to any inhabitant of the globe who pays twenty-one shillings. "It is earnestly to be hoped that the President, Lord Wear-dale, will look down from his platform upon a crowded assemblage."

Of papers to be read we imagine that the reports by eminent gentlemen upon the progress of parliamentary rule throughout the world will be the most entertaining. His Excellency Wu Ting-Fang will doubtless have something to say about parliamentary progress in China. The message from Persia might be pertinently conceived in the spirit of the inimitable speech from the Persian Throne in which the conduct by the Persian Government of Foreign Affairs was declared to be wholly satisfactory except for the presence of foreign troops in Persian territory. Except for slight inconveniences of this kind parliamentary progress in oriental countries—the "so-called coloured peoples"—is all that can reasonably be desired. There may be a little unpleasantness if Mr. Keir Hardie attends the Congress, as doubtless he will. Mr. Keir Hardie's conception of universal brotherhood does not permit us to remain in Egypt or to govern India. However, the Congress will probably be very strict in enforcing its rule—all outlooks are broad, all treatments detached from the difficulties of the hour. "Faith and mutual aid, once virtues of the parish, henceforward are virtues of the planet." Why stop at "planet"? Surely assembled Man can make his voice reach at least as far as his brother in the Moon.

#### HORRIBLE MR. PANMURE.

LET us, by all means, take a number of things for granted. Sir Arthur Pinero is a distinguished playmaker. He has exercised his craft with extraordinary diligence for very many years, and is publicly regarded as chief president of the guild. So far as a man may triumph by familiarity with his tools, Sir Arthur has triumphed completely. There is a theatrical pertinency and rectitude in all that his personages do; and there is a theatrical flair about all the situations in which they become involved. When a personage of Sir Arthur Pinero enters R, one realises at once that it would have spoiled the play had he entered L. You may be quite sure that the fireplace and the door and the windows are in exactly the right position; that butlers and footmen will behave with perfect propriety; and that the cream of every situation and every jest will be separated to the ultimate drop. Sir Arthur deserves to be where he is. His concentration upon playmaking has not been short of deadly. I have never read a poem or a novel or a book of essays by Sir Arthur Pinero. I do not believe they exist. He has cultivated the theatre alone, and so extraordinary a devotion deserved to be rewarded. The reward has come in the peculiar quality of his plays. There is a kind of polish to them that can be partly described as a polish of situation. The dialogue may be poor: often it is as bad as it is possible for stage dialogue to be. The characters may be without feature: the jests be as ancient and stupid as any in the world. But every word and every gesture and every personage has one supreme duty to perform, and usually performs it well. It is the duty of Mr. Panmure to-day, as it has been the duty of every hero of Pineresque comedy from the days of "Sweet Lavender", to sacrifice himself to the situation which is demanded of him. No matter whether he lose his character in the execution of his duty: he must take the risk. He may be an amiable

gentleman and crippled with lumbago; but if at a certain stage of the play the situation should require him to kick somebody downstairs, he must do violence to his sweetness of character and forget his lumbago. No: this is hardly correct. Sir Arthur would not forget the lumbago: he would use lumbago all through for what it was worth, and get as much comic "business" out of it as he could. But my general principle is sound. The polish of situation is the supreme good of Sir Arthur's endeavours. His personages are given as much life and initiative of their own as will get them into an effective grouping at the end of each act. If they do happen to get at cross-purposes with the situation which Sir Arthur wishes to bring about, they have at once to go upon the bed of Procrustes. Sir Arthur's polish of situation is, of course, for the theatre alone. Outside the theatre the quality goes for nothing. It is the supreme distinction of Sir Arthur's plays that they are unprintable. I often wonder why and how they ever get published. Who reads them? It is not easy to conceive of any more futile undertaking than the attempt to read one of Sir Arthur Pinero's plays in the quiet of one's own room. I imagine that the only people who buy and read them are the journeymen playwrights who are interested in the bare bones of their craft. I am sure that Sir Arthur Pinero himself would take it as a slight to discover anybody at one of his plays solemnly reading it through. He wrote them distinctly and pertinently for the theatre. Distinctly they are not literature. To read them is an impertinence.

To speak of the sacrifice of character to situation in connexion with "Preserving Mr. Panmure" would be beside the point; for none of the personages has any character to sacrifice. But there is in the third act of the play a situation as polished and as efficiently elaborated as any Sir Arthur has put together. Josepha, the pretty governess, has been violently kissed by Mr. Panmure. To save the feelings of Mrs. Panmure, Josepha is desperately anxious to fasten the guilty deed (the deed has been discovered, but not the culprit) on some one of the other men in the house. She comes to two of these other men and implores them to accept the charge of having kissed her. They refuse. Moreover, they find out that Mr. Panmure is the culprit. Then in comes horrible Mr. Panmure. As the only man exculpated to the satisfaction of the women, and as the master of the house, he has been deputed to track down the guilty man. The situation is as neatly contrived and as comic as any mere situation can be. We have Mr. Panmure charging two men with an action committed by himself—the two men being perfectly aware of his guilt. "Preserving Mr. Panmure" stands by situations of this quality. Sir Arthur Pinero is an inimitable farceur; yet even in farce—where the situation is almost everything—his elaborate dialogue, his uncertain sense of character and errors of taste spoil the enjoyment. As to the dialogue, the personages in "Preserving Mr. Panmure" talk in Sir Arthur Pinero's most elaborate vein. "Forgive me for calling your attention to so paltry a detail. . . . I trust you are happy in your temporary home. . . . Suffer me to approach the matter in my own way. . . . Perhaps I ought not to have started this topic at a moment of pressure. . . ." Of course this way of speaking is part of the fun, but it is fun that quickly palls; and from sheer habit Sir Arthur carries it over to moments when it is out of place even in farce. Generally speaking, his dialogue ranges at a stride from the kind I have quoted (which is both stilted and illiterate) to the more vulgar sort of slang. When next Sir Arthur Pinero writes a tragic play I will give instances of the kind of slang I mean. As to Sir Arthur's uncertain sense of character, it is sad to consider to what supremely comic use the farcical situations in this play might have been turned had the author cared to interest us in Mr. Panmure as a human being. But Mr. Panmure is a bundle of unpleasant qualities quite unrelated to one another. The situation is all—the man in the centre has no interest for anybody.

As to errors of taste, I am afraid that they do not

diminish in number or in quality as Sir Arthur grows older and wiser. Sir Arthur never has known the exact point at which a joke ceases to be a joke. He is always in danger of spoiling a good thing by overdoing it. If I had the time I could almost from memory give a small anthology of jokes spoiled by over-elaboration, of the easy jest coarsened by some clumsy stroke at the finish. Some of them I remember particularly well, and remember too the particular loud guffaw which indicates that the less discerning of the audience in a theatre are immensely tickled. As to "Preserving Mr. Panmure", I will indicate one joke alone that is overdone. I mean the most important joke of all—Mr. Panmure himself. Mr. Panmure might have kissed Josephine, might have tried to fasten the deed on somebody else, might have lent himself readily to all the comic purposes of the play without being the satyr, bully, sneak, hypocrite, craven and doddering horror Sir Arthur has chosen to make him. Of course one does not take him as a serious piece of characterising—he is a fortuitous bundle of obscenities. But the very over-elaboration of these obscenities filled one with repulsion which defeated the object of the farce. At its best a farce of this kind can but produce a merry unthinking laugh. If it aim at more it must aim as high as "Tartuffe". But Sir Arthur Pinero is not aiming at "Tartuffe", and the merry laugh is all the tribute he can command. Horrible Mr. Panmure, surreptitiously gulping brandy to restore his shaken nerves so that he may be equal to the burden of family prayers, is not a figure to be taken seriously. But he is a very nasty and unpleasant figure, and laughter is defeated at the sight of him.

I must say something about the acting. I cannot remember a play that has depended more for its success upon the players or in which the players have so completely risen to the call. Mr. Playfair in the title part acted through the moods and qualities of Mr. Panmure in a way that gave to every situation its full value. He was horrible enough to watch in all conscience and quite convinced everyone that Mr. Panmure was not in the least worth preserving. Mr. Dion Boucicault rose at times, in his author's despite, to finished comedy. All through the play the players were busy carrying off old jests and delivering elaborate speeches with an air which redeemed and raised them to a higher power. Miss Marie Löhr did gracefully all her wayward part required of her, and Miss Iris Hawkins, as the little girl who trusted she was not deficient in natural affection and was compelled by her author to play the humours of a red nose, enormously increased the value of the scenes she shared.

But of the play itself—"Pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination".

P. J.

#### MODERN AND ANCIENT.

BY JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

IT was once usual for musicians coming to the south of England from the north to declare the south to be sadly inferior in choral music, but recent observation has shown that choral singing is decaying the whole country over. And after ransacking my memory I am beginning to doubt whether ever the north was so very excellent, save in one narrow field of music. Handel certainly one heard in Yorkshire and Northumberland with a vigour, a crispness and clearness and a body and richness of tone that were qualities unattainable here in the fat and fickle south; and in Mendelssohn, if the music was broad, big effects used to be achieved. But when that apparent spring outburst of cantatas came about thirty years ago—the sentimental "Redemption" of Gounod and his drivelling "Mors et Vita", and the masterpieces of the young giants Mackenzie and Stanford (heaven forgive us! we called them all "novelties")—when that season arrived, radiant with hope and expectation, I fancy that many of us began to feel a little forlorn about our choral singing, our national (musical) pride. The northern

choruses could do little or nothing with music which, whether good or bad, was constructed on lines widely different from those our valiant choristers had known from childhood in Handel. Massive or thunderbolt effects, broad, softer passages—these they could render as possibly no other singers in the world could render them; but they were utterly lost, hopelessly at sea, in the newer style of the later day; and the worst of it was that the purveyors of the more up-to-date oratorios and cantatas—excepting Gounod when he dumped down solid chorales—tried with all their skill and industry to write choruses in which every one of the parts should have the individuality and distinction of the parts in (say) Wagner's "Mastersingers". Failure was inevitable: the counterpoint could not possibly be mistaken for Wagner's, and chances of "smiting like a thunderbolt" in the old Handel fashion were lamentably few. Nevertheless, the newer music came on, and as the Carl Rosa and Moody-Manners companies made it more familiar and pleasant in provincial ears, choristers and audiences alike lost their ancient pride in their supremacy in choral singing.

That the solid Handel style of singing—a style in reality never known to Handel—should have decayed is not a matter for sorrow. At the period of the English domination in European music it was not by overgrown choruses that the trick was done and the position held. Our ancestors of the seventeenth century and the earlier part of the eighteenth century doubtless sang divinely: the old polyphonic music they understood and could sing, and probably their little choirs of between twenty and thirty voices worked wonders with Handel in the smaller concert-rooms of the day. But thunder and lightning were not what they aimed at or dreamed of. It is a style of singing to be condemned not because of its mere loudness—for the largest choruses that have ever existed can have produced no more noise than the average Wagner or Strauss orchestra of to-day: even the Crystal Palace concern with its three thousand or so voices is no louder—but because of the clumsy unwieldiness which made it a futile style in any save Handelian music. And even for Handel it has served its turn and must go—is going fast. Mere force will not do instead of expressiveness, and if Handel's choruses are to regain their former sway over the hearts of the English people the re-conquest will be due to small bodies of singers who will regard their work from the artist's point of view. A huge volume of tone, however rich and brilliant, is not now, and never will be again, regarded as a compensation for a lack of the artistic handling of artistic music.

Unfortunately the old fashion has gone out before the new has quite come in. Years ago I noted at Birmingham, Leeds and Gloucester the most unhappy results of an attempted compromise between the two methods—the old in which striking results were got in one narrow mode of music by strength and fine tone-quality, and the newer in which less was to be thought of sheer physical power and more of art. (The Norwich festival choir I need not mention; when I last heard it it sounded abominable, seemingly beyond redemption.) A fortnight ago (13 January) the Leeds Philharmonic Chorus ("two hundred and fifty voices"), in blessed conjunction with the London Symphony Orchestra and conducted by Mr. Safonoff, gave a concert at Queen's Hall. I heard only a portion and was chiefly interested in the doings of the choir; but I may remark in passing that Mr. Safonoff is no worse than many other conductors and is better than some. He uses no stick and does it all, presumably, by moral suasion; but the fruits of this are certainly not finer than the playing we have been accustomed to. Tchaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini" is long in proportion to its content to the point of tediousness, the passion and atmosphere are not at all Dantesque: one may be reminded at moments of an icy tempest on the barren Russian steppe, but never for one moment does the music suggest Dante's eternal racking whirlwind. I did not arrive in time for Mrs. Meredith's two requiem pieces, which was a pity, for it seems extremely probable that the Leeds visitors may have acquitted themselves

more honourably in them than in Bach's stupendous double-motet "Sing ye to the Lord". Mrs. Meredith's music is comparatively simple, yet its outlines are modern; Bach's is of a sort with which no one in Leeds seems to have an intimate acquaintance. It is most emphatically not music of the Handel sort, for though Bach, like Handel, employed the eighteenth century formulas and clichés, he used them for his own purpose and in his own distinctive, unapproachable way. Bach is the one great exponent of mysticism in Protestant Church music, and there was little hint of mysticism to be caught as the two hundred and fifty stalwarts went vigorously through with their job. Fifty highly trained artists might have interpreted Bach's sublime intention; five times that number paying careful attention to the time-beater's stick missed the very quality that gives the music its transcendent value. They manifested a keen desire to show us how Handel used to be rendered by Yorkshire singers in the good old times, but the old hearty spirit has gone out of them and, anyhow, Bach's choruses do not bear that treatment. About Brahms' "Triumphlied" nothing need be said. I suppose Brahms composed it to order; at any rate the mathematically worked-out victories of Von Moltke and his generals did not inspire him.

Musical foreigners were for long far to well treated in this country. From generation unto generation we accepted them all as great musicians. Then, more lately, we began to reject them, which was very wonderful indeed in the eyes of students fresh from Leipzig who had learnt to think they had only to come to London and they would forthwith make a fortune. We would scarcely listen to them. A few society pianists and fiddlers held their ground; one conductor, Richter, securely held his. The other conductors visited us merely on sufferance. But wonderful things happen here. Last week the London Symphony Orchestra invited Mr. Müller-Reuter, of The Hague, to conduct them; and he conducted so well, and with such a popular success, that we may as well make ready at once to resist another foreign invasion. Whether the recent incursion of Sir A. Mackenzie into Vienna counts for much as a counterblast I cannot say, for I was not in Vienna at the time; but considering the place where his cantata was produced, and the good folk who produced it, I should say that his presence there signified next to nothing. Anyhow, enough has been said of the Viennese judgment in this place.

The Hague conductor, new to England, is really a conductor worth listening to. His reading of the "Benvenuto Cellini" overture of Berlioz was neither here nor there: a trifle noisy, of course, and showing no insight into music which to the interpretative musician presents as many difficulties as a common brick wall offers to any man, be he blind or otherwise, who endeavours to see through it. Next on Mr. Müller-Reuter's programme came an alleged aria by Weber. This was labelled "first time with orchestra", and I should go a little further and say "first time in any shape or form"; for it turns out that the melody, written by Weber in his dying hours in London, was sung by a lady once, the composer playing the accompaniment, and would have been utterly forgotten had not Moscheles later on reproduced "from memory" the entire song. This is the sort of legend that demands a little inquiry. Moscheles was not a great musician nor even a fine pianist; nothing that he did during his long and honourable career justifies us in believing that he could have set down this so-called Weber song from memory. But his manuscript exists, and Mr. Müller-Reuter arranged the pianoforte accompaniment for orchestra; and this second- or rather third-hand affair is what we were asked the other night to accept as a previously unheard, and nearly unheard-of, song by Weber. It was charmingly sung by Miss Gerhardt; but whether by Weber, or concocted by Moscheles' fancy playing on his random recollections, it is sheer rubbish. The best thing in the programme was Mr. Müller-Reuter's reading of Beethoven's Third Symphony. Of all the movements but the third I have heard equally satisfying

renderings; but the scherzo was beyond all praise. The finale was very beautiful, but there, as in the funeral march, the conductor took quite inexcusable and very ineffective liberties with the tempo, so that the magnificent broad Beethoven rhythm was lost.

Miss Marie Brema invites critics to attend her representations at the Savoy and give their opinions; and I, entering into the true spirit of her request, have expressed a measured approbation of some of her experiments and have regretted, almost deplored, some of her mistakes. But even a critic who is not always favourable may express his admiration for the lady's high courage in artistic ventures, her determination that the thing, whatever it may be, shall be done as handsomely and thoroughly as it is possible to do it. Further, with regard to the two operas by Mr. Emanuel Moor, "Wedding Bells" and "Pompadour", with which she opened her third season on Thursday evening, one joyfully acknowledges the absence of preliminary boozing. The articles appearing in some of the papers just now on a new opera by Strauss ought surely to carry at the foot the magically enlightening "[Advt.]". But alas! concerning Mr. Moor's two works the best to be said is that they need not have been written, or, having been written, need not have been performed. Both musically and dramatically they are a very Liebig's extract of commonplace; they are compact of absurdities which once perhaps were novel but have seemed aged ever since I remember the stage at all. Detailed criticism of the music is not merely needless—it is impossible. It is a pity Miss Brema has wasted time, money, energy and skill on such sorry, dismal, monotonous perpetrations.

#### AXE EDGE AND ITS BIRDS.

BY W. H. HUDSON.

#### II.

UNCHING one day at Buxton, I hobnobbed with a man whose classic features, fine physique and magnificent beard filled me with a great admiration. He was the vicar of a neighbouring parish, a man of the open air, a cultivated mind, and large sympathies—the very person I wanted to meet, for doubtless he would know the birds and be able to tell me all I wanted to learn. By and by the subject was introduced, and he replied that he did not know very much about birds, but he had noticed a particularly big crow in his parish—big and black—and he would like to know what it was. There were always some of them about. Perhaps it was a carrion crow or a rook, he couldn't say for certain; but it was exceptionally big—and very black.

One meets with many disappointments when asking for information about the bird life of any locality; one is apt to forget that such knowledge is not common, that it is easier to find a poet or a philosopher in any village than a naturalist. Nevertheless I was singularly fortunate at Buxton in meeting with that same rarity in the person of a tradesman of the town, a Mr. Micah Salt, who had studied the birds of the district all his life. But not in books; he did not read about birds, he observed them for his own pleasure and it was a pleasure to him to talk about them, but it went no further. He did not even make a note; bird-watching was his play—a better outdoor game than golf, as it really does get you a little forrader, and does not make you swear and tell lies and degenerate from a pleasant companionable being to an intolerable bore.

It was through his advice that I went to stay on Axe Edge, where I would find all the birds I wanted to watch, and where it seemed to me on first going on to the moor that about five-sixths of the bird life consisted of two species—cuckoo and meadow pipit. At the low-roofed stone cabin where I lodged a few wind-torn beeches had succeeded in growing, and these were a great attraction to the moorland cuckoos and their morning meeting-place. From half-past three they would call so loudly and persistently and so many together from trees and roof as to banish sleep from that hour. And all day long, all over the moor, cuckoos

were cuckooing as they flew hither and thither in their slow, aimless manner, with rapidly beating wings, looking like spiritless hawks, and when one flew by a pipit would rise and go after him, just to accompany him, as it appeared, a little distance on his way. Not in anger like some of the small birds, even the diminutive furze-jack who cherishes a spite against the cuckoo, but in pure affection. For the meadow pipit is like that person, usually a woman, whom we call a "poor fool" because of a too tender heart, who is perhaps the mother of a great hulking brute of a son who gobbled up all he could get out of her, caring nothing whether she starved or not, and when it suited his pleasure went off and took no more thought of her—the poor devoted fool waiting and pining for her darling's return. The pipit's memory is just as faithful; she remembers the big greedy son she fed and warmed with her little breast a year or two ago, who went away, goodness knows where, a long time back; and in every cuckoo that flies by she thinks she sees him again and flies after him to tell him of her undying love and pride in his bigness and fine feathers and loud voice.

Who that knows it intimately, who sees it creeping about among the grass and heather on its pretty little pink legs, and watches its large dark eyes full of shy curiosity as it returns your look, and who listens to its small delicate tinkling strain on the moor as it flies up and up, then slowly descends singing to earth, can fail to love the meadow pipit—the poor little feathered fool?

Concerning the breeding habits, the friendship and very one-sided partnership between these two species, Mr. Salt informed me that all the cuckoos' eggs he had found in fifty-five years, during which he had been observing the birds of the district, were in meadow pipits' nests. Nor had he ever seen a young cuckoo being tended by the numerous other species supposed to be its foster parents—warblers, wagtails, chats, the robin, redstart, dunnock and wren. Furthermore, he had discussed this subject with numbers of persons living in the district, and their experience agreed with his. His conclusion was that the meadow pipit was the only dupe of the cuckoo, in spite of what was said in the books. The conclusion was wrong, but his facts may be right with regard to this particular district. Doubtless, if this be so, there must be eggs laid from time to time in the nests of other species, but in the long run the instinct of parasitism on dunnock or wagtail or some other species would be swamped by that of the majority of cuckoos, all parasites on the meadow pipit.

Of all the small musical sounds emitted by birds on moors and other lonely places I think I love the aerial tinkle of the pipit best, unless it be the warble of the whinchat heard in the same situations. Few persons know it, yet it may be heard every day from April to July all over the country wherever the bird has its haunts. The main thing is to know a sound when you hear it. This chat is a shy singer as well as an inconspicuous bird, and as a rule becomes silent when approached. One hears a delicious warble at a considerable distance and does not know whose voice it is; but if on any silent heath or common or grassland, or any furze-grown brambly waste, you should catch a very delicate warbled song, a mere drop of sound, yet to all other bird sounds about it like the drop of dew or rain among many other crystal, colourless drops, which catches the light at the right angle and shines with loveliest colour, you may safely say that it was a whinchat. A fugitive sound heard at a distance, of so exquisite a purity and sweetness, so tender an expression, that you stand still and hold your breath to listen and think, perhaps, if it is not repeated, that it was only an imagined sound.

An even more characteristic sound of the high moor than these small voices which are not listened to is the curlew's voice: not the beautiful wild pipe and the harsh scream, the whaup's cry that frightens the superstitious, but the gentler lower varied sounds of the breeding season when the birds are talking to one another and singing over their nests and eggs and little ones. Best of all of these notes is the prolonged trill, which

sounds low yet may be heard distinctly a quarter of a mile away or further, and strongly reminds me of the trilling spring call of the spotted tinamou, the common partridge of the Argentine plains—a trill that is like a musical whisper which grows and dwells on the air and fades into silence. A mysterious sound which comes out of the earth or is uttered by some filmy being half spirit and half bird floating invisible above the heath. I liked these invisible curlews, singing their low song, better than the visible bird, mad with anxiety and crying aloud when the nest was looked for. But the curlew has one very fine aspect when, at your approach, he rises up before you at a distance of three or four hundred yards and comes straight at you, flying rapidly, appearing almost silver-white in the brilliant sunshine, the size so exaggerated by the light and motion as to produce the illusion of a big bird, the only one left alive by the Philistines and destroyers. But it is a beautiful illusion which lasts only a few moments. In all this Peak district you will not find a larger bird than a curlew or mallard or crow, that very big bird which my clergyman told me about. Not a buzzard, not a harrier, not a raven, or any other species which when soaring would seem an appropriate object and part of the scenery in these high wild places.

What a contrast between all these delicate voices of the moorland, from the faint tinkle of the rising and falling pipit to the curlew's trill, and others I have omitted, the golden plover and water-ouzel, the aerial bleat of the snipe, the wail of the peewit and thin sharp pipe of the sandpiper or "water-squealer" as the natives call it—between all these and the red grouse! He has no music in him, but great power. On these high moors his habit is to sit or stand on a stone wall to sun himself and keep an eye on his wives and rivals and the world generally. He stands, head erect, motionless, statuesque, the harsh-looking heap of dark grit-stone forming an appropriate pedestal. For he is like a figure cut in some hard dark red stone himself—red gritstone, or ironstone, or red granite, or, better still, deep-red serpentine, veined and mottled with black, an exceedingly hard stone which takes a fine polish. And in voice and character the bird is what he looks, hard and brave, both as wooer and fighter. Even near the end of May when many hens are incubating—I stumble on a dozen nests a day—he is wooing and fighting all the time, and the fights are not mere shows like those of the ruff, a pretty little feathered French duellist, and other quarrelsome species that fight often without hurting one another. The red grouse that looks like a stone hurls himself like a stone against his adversary, and whether he breaks bones or not he makes the polished feathers fly in clouds. Yet in his wooing this stone-like bird sometimes attains to grace of motion. That is when, carried away by his passion, he mounts into the air, and if there is any wind to help him rises easily to a good height and performs in descending a love flight resembling that of the cushat and turtle-dove. But in his vocal performances there is no grace nor beauty, only power. You are astonished at the sounds he emits when he bursts out very suddenly rattling and drumming—rrrrrrr-rub-a-dub-dub; or you may liken it to a cackhanny sound as if a gritstone rock standing among the heather had suddenly burst out laughing. Then he changes his tone to a more human sound like a raven's croak prolonged, which breaks up into shorter sounds at the end—ah-ha! come here, come back, go back, go back, quack, quack, or quick, quick, which is probably what he really means.

From the grouse and his rude noises I must now go back to the delicate songsters, to give an impression of the ring ouzel; for oddly enough I had hitherto had no opportunity of really watching and listening to it during the breeding season. Certain birds at certain times, or on certain rare days, take possession of and hold us to the exclusion of all others. A similar experience is familiar to the lovers of the sublime and beautiful in nature and art, in music and poetry. So (to compare small things with great) we naturalists have our buzzard or raven or wild geese days, and, better still, our days with this or that fascinating melodist—black-cap or

blackbird, or linnet or wheatear, or nightingale. And when the day is finished and the mood over it is not wholly over even then; we are like the poet who has listened to voices even more unearthly than birds':

I thenceforward and long after  
Listen to their harp-like laughter,  
And carry in my heart for days  
Peace that hallows rudest ways.

Moreover I was here on a special visit to this species; he was more in my mind than the golden plover or any other. I came to be more intimate with him—to have my ring ouzel day and mood.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE CHURCH IN WALES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Brogynlyn, Oswestry, 23 January 1911.

SIR,—In discussing "Radicalism in Scottish Counties" your correspondent, "A Scottish Churchman", makes the following extraordinary remark: "Scottish Churchmen are not much concerned about the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales, because they recognise that there it is an alien Church, with all the defects and disadvantages of such". He thus repeats the ignorant accusation of Mr. Winston Churchill that the Church in Wales is an alien Church. It is not an alien Church. Its clergy, including the four Welsh bishops, are Welsh-speaking Welshmen; the services are held in Welsh in all Welsh-speaking parishes; the Church has more communicants than any Nonconformist denomination in Wales. As described once at Machynlleth by Mr. Winston Churchill's father, it is a Church "racy of the soil". It was Bishop Morgan of S. Asaph who gave Wales the Bible in Welsh. All through history the Church has been a potent influence for keeping alive the Welsh language and Welsh patriotism.

True, we have been united with the Province of Canterbury since before the English conquest of Wales, and one of the objects of the disendowers is to destroy this union which is older than Parliament. If this union with the Church in England makes us alien in Wales, how about all the Nonconformist denominations? There is no National Free Church Council for Wales. The only federation is the National Free Church Council of England and Wales. The Methodist Churches (Wesleyan and Calvinistic) on either side of the Welsh border are united: why should not the old Mother Church remain united?

In the connexion of the Welsh Church question and "Unionist propaganda in Wales" the following facts are important. In 1892 the Conservatives held three seats in Wales. In 1894 the Disestablishment and Disendowment Bill was introduced. In 1895 the elections were fought on it, and the Conservatives obtained eight seats. In 1906 they obtained none; in 1910 two and three at the respective elections. For the past ten years Disestablishment has been regarded as a bogey. In January last my opponent did not think Disestablishment worth mentioning in his election address. When questioned at a meeting about it, he denied that Disestablishment was an issue. It is a subject scrupulously avoided by Liberal candidates in Wales where they have anything of a fight. It is the one subject which helps the Unionist cause in Wales in its attempts to fight against the wealth, patronage and prejudice of the Welsh Radical magnates.

I will not occupy your space by an analysis of the various causes which have led to the decline of Conservatism in Wales between 1906 and 1910, but will testify that the Church in Wales is far stronger to-day than in 1895 even, and that if the Radicals in Wales, instead of in Scotland, will come into the open on the question, there are good prospects for any candidate who will fight for the Church's cause.

Yours sincerely,  
W. ORMSBY-GORE.

## THE FACTS OF THE ELECTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The differences between Mr. J. H. Humphreys and myself are fundamental. As Hon. Secretary of the Proportional Representation Society, Mr. Humphreys makes my article in your issue of the 14th instant an occasion for advocating the creation of multi-member constituencies as a remedy for some of the evils which unquestionably arise from the present system of single-member constituencies of widely different sizes. What he fails to see, or at any rate refuses to admit, is that his system has in it evils from which I believe the existing system is free, and that the principle of representation differs radically in the two systems. Such reflection as I have been able to give these matters suggests that the present system, with all its faults, is infinitely to be preferred to proportional representation.

These objections were fully set out in the paper which I read last April before the Royal Statistical Society. I then expressed the view that the relations between member and constituents, and of the parties in the House of Commons to one another, would be seriously prejudiced by the adoption of the proposed system. To those objections I would now add that the proportional system would intensify and aggravate the present representation of localities. It is but natural that if a group of five or six members are returned for the same constituency by the same election, they will tend to form a small local party for promoting the interests of their constituents. The Manchester party, the Tower Hamlets party, the Birmingham party would make their appearance, and local affairs would demand so much more of the time of Parliament that interest in the nation's affairs would be lessened. Is it worth while to scrap our present system, based on an excellent and well-tried principle, to establish a new system which, though it may be arithmetically more perfect, would make Parliament a Council of localities instead of a Council of the nation?

When Mr. Humphreys denies, however, that a measure of redistribution giving equal electorates to all constituencies would do nothing to mitigate the present anomalies, he is less than just to this proposal. In the paper already referred to it was shown that when the country is grouped into constituencies of nearly equal size, the members returned at the January elections did approximate to the theoretical requirements in all cases except the large constituencies. I demur strongly to the suggestion that if Romford were split up into four or five separate constituencies, we should have four or five Radical members returned.

My own examination of election statistics leads me to conclude that a system of single-member constituencies of equal and moderate size would remove much of the present anomalous party representation, and should, at any rate, be adopted in preference to a system which would do such revolutionary violence to the fundamental principles of our electoral system.

Yours obediently,

S. ROSENBAUM.

[The second of Mr. Rosenbaum's series of articles will be published next week.—ED. SATURDAY REVIEW.]

## DICKENS' BUSINESS INSTINCT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23 January 1911.

SIR,—Mr. Warren seems to me to consider too curiously in the case of Mr. Swiveller and the Marchioness. The fact is that, apart from those by many nods and hints deeply underlined as destined for an end before the story is over, the rest of Dickens' characters live in a condition of static immortality. One would have sworn that the Major in "Dombey" must yield once and for all to one of his terrible attacks of apoplexy, but he doesn't.

Even if we consider the probabilities, the case is better than Mr. Warren puts it. "Dissipated fellows when young" have been known to survive to a green old age: Mr. Swiveller may have been, as Tennyson

says, "a sober man among his boys", although his "youth was full of foolish noise". And, if he was handicapped in the race for longevity by his start, the early life of the Marchioness may have had a similar effect.

But suppose her a widow. Can we doubt that she who, going to school at a disadvantage, "soon distanced all competitors", and therefore, presumably, added brains to the knowledge of hardship, would have been able to fend for herself? It must be, further, remembered that she was not by this time the awkward little slavey of earlier days. We are expressly told that she was "good-looking, clever, and good-humoured", and "ever a most cheerful, affectionate, and provident wife". She knew something of cheap feeding. Could she not have managed a lodging-house like Mrs. Todgers, and surmounted the trouble of the gravy without a seared heart or a soured complexion? And if Mr. Jinkins (gentlemanly fellow, Jinkins!)—No, I don't think she married again, for she could never match the glamour and delight of her husband's conversation.

CANTAB.

"MERRY ENGLAND."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.  
45 Charles Street, Mayfair, W.

22 January 1911.

SIR,—Your reviewer in his most kindly and appreciative notice of "Sporting Days and Sporting Ways" seems to deplore an omission in the domain of fox-hunting. May I point out that this subject was dealt with at some length in another book of mine published a year or two ago?

Yours faithfully,  
RALPH NEVILL.

"THE FRIEND OF HOMER."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.  
Alleyne House, S. Andrews, 22 January.

SIR,—May I offer a few notes on the theory of Homer's age and culture, indicated in the very courteous criticism of my "World of Homer" (SATURDAY REVIEW, 14 January)? The critic and I agree that Homer describes the culture of his own age, and that, as regards the uses of the metals, that culture is in the stage of "overlap" illustrated by certain strata at Gezer in Palestine. The weapons are of bronze, the implements are usually of iron. The critic contrasts this with the "Mycenæan" or præ-Homeric culture in Greece, where bronze is the only metal for tools and weapons, and arrow-heads of stone are in use.

So far we agree; but the reviewer goes on to say that "archæology shows two ages and no more—a bronze age with traces of stone, where the dead are buried, and an iron age, in which the dead are burned", with "a few instances of overlap". But, despite archæology, the reviewer we see has already accepted as genuine that very extensive and peculiar age of overlap which Homer describes: with weapons of bronze and implements of iron. For that stage in Greece we have only Homer's evidence, but it seems to be fully accepted by the critic. He then says, if there were "an intermediate race" (the Achæans) "where they have disposed of their traces no one can say". Where have the men of our extensive and peculiar overlap deposited their traces? At this point he appears to me to overlook—he certainly does not allude to—the essence of the question. Homeric burial does not, of course, consist merely in burning the dead and burying the ashes. Homer uniformly describes (1) burning on a pyre; (2) the placing of the ashes in a receptacle, covered with linen; (3) in a *káteros*; (4) raising a cairn over all, with usually a pillar above. Here every detail is northern: Homer invented nothing. The whole process is minutely described in "Beowulf". In Greece the facts have not been found. But præ-Homeric or "Mycenæan" graves, we know, were of three kinds: the *káteros* and cairn were not elements in these three.

Archæology cannot expect to find Homeric grave-

goods except in Homeric graves. Pausanias mentions not a few such cairns, and some still exist. But what is in them? So far, nothing or next to nothing. I have been told that there are many cairns near Colophon in Asia; but it stands to reason that in so many centuries all have been ransacked, as usually happens when the grave is conspicuous; often when it is not. We cannot find archæological corroboration of Homer till we find a prehistoric virgin cairn in Greece.

Meanwhile, whencesoever the Achæans came, their poet's idea of interment is purely and accurately northern. We have thus, in Greece, three well-known præ-Homeric modes of burial (without burning in Homeric fashion), and we have cairns such as Homer describes and as Pausanias describes. Who made these cairns? I have heard of none that contains relics of the Mycenæan præ-Homeric age.

If Homer describes "the culture of the early colonial period"—"we do not know the culture of the first Ionians . . . but the culture in itself is a likely development of the Mycenæan . . . this may have been their culture: it cannot have been the culture of Greece". Here I fail to understand. Colonists from Greece would bring with them the culture of their own part of Greece, whether it were Mycenæan or any other. Meanwhile we have not excavated, I think, any cairns on the Trojan coast except those on the Trojan plain where Schliemann found no grave-goods. It is probable that all such cairns, with their promise of treasure, have been ransacked many centuries ago.

If so, archæological evidence must fail us here; nevertheless the reviewer, like myself, believes in the archæologically unattested age of metallic overlap, as described by Homer. We both believe that Homer gave to his heroes "the dress and habits of his time . . . and burned their bodies". But he did more, he minutely described non-Mycenæan, non-historic rites of burial, northern rites. From these he deduced a doctrine of the future life which made hero-worship impossible; the dead were powerless, they could not help or visit the living: no sanctity is attributed to their graves. The reviewer says that Homer gave to his men "the culture of the early colonial period". As soon as we meet the earliest traces of colonial literature in the Ionic poems of the Cycle, hero-worship is found to be as deeply rooted as it was in præ-Homeric or "Mycenæan" Greece. Yet in Homer it is not mentioned (except at Athens, and in a dubious line of the "Odyssey"), and is not possible if the dead can do nothing for the living. How is this break to be explained if Homer describes the manners which he knew? By "the argument from silence"? Homer is not silent; he explicitly contradicts the faith on which hero-worship is based. Again, the earliest colonial literature shows purification of manslayers by blood as a necessary inevitable rite. Now Homer is a minute recorder of rites and customs; yet, though he several times describes the flight of manslayers and their reception in alien countries, he never hints at the rite so indispensable in the earliest colonial literature—purification. In this case the argument from silence is valid: Homer's society did not practise the rite. The colonists who did were not of his society. It is inconceivable that Homer invented the society which he paints, with its usages, and, while inventing, accidentally coincided with the view of the state of the dead in the Book of Samuel, and with the burial rites of the north. I need not explain what I suppose to have been the line of march from the north of the people whom Homer calls "Achæans"; it is enough to say that they either practised Homeric burial rites and, as in the north, did not use purification, or that Homer invented and attributed to his Achæans the northern rites, and deliberately suppressed mention of purification on every opportunity when he ought to have mentioned it. It is quite true that he had no occasion to speak of human sacrifice; and I am by no means sure that Ionic poets who are so fond of introducing it knew it except in legends.

I am etc.,

A. LANG.

## REVIEWS.

## AN IRISH DRAMATIST IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.

"The Works of J. M. Synge." A Completed Edition, in Four Volumes. Dublin: Maunsel. 1910. 21s. net.

IT was not known that Synge wrote poetry until, a few months after his death, there appeared a little book of his ballads, lyrics, and translations from the Italian. These poems, now reprinted in the collected edition of the Irish dramatist's work, were, according to the author's preface, written over a period of fifteen or sixteen years; but Mr. Yeats, in an Introduction to the book, told us that the greater number had been written quite recently, and many during the author's last illness. "He was a reserved man", wrote Mr. Yeats, "and wished no doubt to hide when still living what he felt and thought, from those about him." Synge's poetry, which he would have had read by "strong men, thieves and deacons and not by little cliques only", is full of familiar references and as personal as Villon's. He curses "A Sister of an Enemy who disapproved of 'The Playboy'", and asks, after reading the dates in a book of lyrics,

"What year will they write  
For my poor passage to the Stalls of Night?"

Threatened with an early death, he was always, it seems, working against time to establish his fame. This poem is dated 25 ix. 1908:

"I've thirty months, and that's my pride,  
Before my age's a double score,  
Though many lively men have died  
At twenty-nine or little more."

I've left a long and famous set  
Behind some seven years, or three;  
But there are millions I'd forget  
Will have their laugh at passing me".

Synge died at Dublin in March 1909 at the age of thirty-eight, after a career that may perhaps be considered as one of the curiosities of literature. After an education at Trinity College he went to Paris and lived quite obscurely until Mr. Yeats discovered him, some years later, by chance and indeed by an extraordinary piece of fortune. Mr. Yeats was at the moment engaged in the business of an Irish theatre; he had his players, but lacked writers. He told Synge that Mr. Symons would always be a better critic of French literature: "Give up Paris; go to the Aran Islands, and live there as if you were one of the people themselves". Synge precisely followed this advice. It was not instinct that sent him back to Ireland. "Synge", says Mr. Yeats, "told me that he wished to become a writer." Is it conceivable that the author of "The Playboy" would never have "become a writer" outside his native country? Turgenieff said "Russia can do without us, but none of us can do without Russia"; but literary absentees like Mr. George Moore have rather angrily denied that the remark may be applied to Ireland. No, Synge merely offers the exception to a rule that is preached and practised by most distinguished Irishmen and by nearly all Irishmen of letters, namely that to succeed an Irishman must follow his natural impulse, which is to leave his country for good at the earliest opportunity. And the Scotchman is like unto him.

Synge belonged to the British colony, and to that part of it which is called the Oligarchy or Ascendancy; but this is to say that he came of the race which supplies "National Ireland" with most of its heroes and prophets: he was a Protestant of the landlord class. In one of these volumes, among the accounts of Irish travel, there is an essay, "In a Landlord's Garden", in which he speaks of the tragedy not of the Kelt but of his own race in Ireland. "The broken greenhouses and mouse-eaten libraries that were designed and collected by men who voted with Grattan are perhaps as

mournful in the end as the four mud walls that are so often left in Wicklow as the only remnants of a farmhouse. Many of the descendants of these people have, of course, drifted into professional life in Dublin or have gone abroad; yet, wherever they are, they do not equal their forefathers." He adds—it is a characteristic remark—"If a playwright chose to go through these old houses he would find material for many gloomy plays that would turn on the dying away of these old families . . .". Synge was excited too by the life of Irish cabins along the southern and western seabards and on the Aran and Blasket Islands. He felt very deeply the charme troubant of these people, among whom he truly lived as one of themselves, sorrow-worn descendants of a pre-Keltic race; and here he found a popular imagination that was still "fiery and romantic and tender" and a survival of type from the pre-famine epoch. When he visits the congested districts he suggests "possible remedies", but his heart is not in his writing; certainly he was chiefly interested in an Ireland which no one will attempt to regenerate—in wildly dreaming old men and women, in lawless trampers and tinkers, in shrewd old priests who'd be blinking at the girls from the windows, and at night-time playing cards or drinking a sup at the doctor's.

In Ireland every form of opinion may get a hearing, but a man is not regarded as honest unless his opinions are based upon the savage prejudices of tradition. Synge had no prejudices, and no one knew his politics. The broad facts of contemporary Irish life must, however, have concerned him, if only as an artist anxious for recognition among his own people. He came to Ireland at a time when the demand for a national literature was, as someone wittily said, still confused with the demand for Irish soap and boot-polish. Bright boys from the leagues that organise Irish prejudices tried to break up the Abbey Theatre on the occasion of the production of "The Playboy of the Western World"; and any candidate for Parliament who was suspected of a taste for literature was required to denounce this work of genius before the chairman of his Convention.

Synge and his fellow-workers of the Irish theatre aimed at restoring "words to their sovereignty" on the stage. If Synge wished to prove anything by the most bewildering of his plays, it was the sovereignty of words over the lives of the people whom he studied. As a poet Christy Mahon, the would-be parricide, is quite convincing. He makes love to Pegeen, and no love-making other than his seems worth while. He is Synge's greatest and most difficult accomplishment, for what poet has been put on the stage or into a book in our time so real and so unlike the vulgar conception as this hunted Mayo peasant? Pegeen was right—any girl might have walked her heart out before she'd have met a young man who was his like for eloquence or talk at all. But when Christy—rooted out by his father in the shebeen—attempts murder for the second time, Pegeen tells him that there's "a great gap between a gallous story and a dirty deed", and sends him on his way.

Synge said during the week of rioting "It's an extravaganza", and then relapsed into silence. But he wrote some enlightening prefaces, which are now published in his collected works. "The Tinker's Wedding" relates how two young vagrants who have been on the road together are suddenly minded to marry, and how the priest whom they call in to perform the ceremony is mischievously entreated and finally dispensed with. The Abbey Theatre, wisely enough, did not produce this play, and Synge himself thought that the book needed some explanation. "Of things", he says, "which nourish the imagination humour is one of the most needful, and it is dangerous to limit or destroy it." Some towns in Ireland are losing their humour, but the people generally, from the tinkers to the clergy, have a life and view of life that are rich, genial and humorous. "I do not think", he adds, "that these country people, who have so much humour themselves, will mind being laughed at without malice." Synge bore his folk no ill-will, quite the contrary. The malice, the irony, of his plays was directed against the

townspeople and those among his Dublin and London-Irish audiences who held sentimental ideas of the peasantry and of life on the far side of the Shannon.

It is said, we think rightly, that Synge's books do not encourage hopeful thought about Ireland. Some old patriotic writer, a young Irishman in angry mood, called the Irish a nation of half-emancipated slaves; and Synge, without ever saying as much—perhaps without ever thinking as much—seems to confirm this opinion. His persons, for all their charm and humour and freedom among themselves, are after all half-slaves living always under the shadow of some dread, be it of reality or of the law, or, as in the case of the tinker's priest, of the Lord Bishop. You get a curious impression of a hunted and harassed race living surreptitiously, as it were—Synge's chief contribution, perhaps, to our understanding of Western Ireland.

#### A VETERAN OF THE PEN.

*"Reminiscences."* By Goldwin Smith. Edited by Arnold Haultain. London: Macmillan. 1910. 10s. net.

A MAN who was born under George IV. and died under George V. can tell the rising generation much if he has lived with interesting people and his memory be good. Goldwin Smith lived a full and industrious life, an intellectual of intellectuals; and, though he missed his mark, he mixed with the clever people of the Early Victorian period, and his mental vitality was prolonged to the last. In his eighty-eighth year, after the death of his wife, Goldwin Smith was planning to leave Toronto for Cornell University in the United States, in order to teach history to American youth! "That hope was suddenly blighted, that door to a happy and perhaps not unfruitful old age and exit was shut." This is a bitter allusion to an accident which broke his hip, and from which he never recovered. This is pretty well for eighty-seven, and for one who had never played any game but croquet, or taken any exercise but a little hunting when he was quite young. Goldwin Smith ascribed his own mental longevity to having lain fallow in his boyhood at two idle schools, of which Eton was one; and there may be something in it. Of the craze for athletics at school and university he was contemptuous, saying truly enough that the finest animal of the human race is the negro. Goldwin Smith, like Oscar Wilde, was a Magdalen Demy, and afterwards a fellow and tutor of University College. When he tried by journalism and law to open the oyster of London in 1854, his politics were Peelite, which led to his life-long quarrel with Disraeli. The young don joined the staff of the SATURDAY REVIEW, owned by Beresford Hope and edited by Douglas Cook. His principal colleagues were George Venables, Lord Robert Cecil, T. C. Sandars, and Henry Maine. Douglas Cook, like Falstaff, was not himself witty, but the cause of wit in others: that is, he was, like many successful editors, quite illiterate, but a good judge of writing. Two of the best editors of two of the largest daily papers had not an "h" in their vocabulary—one is still alive. Goldwin Smith tells us that the mental attitude of the first Saturday Reviewers was that of Voltaire's grand seigneur Pococurante in "Candide", nothing is new, nothing is true, and nothing matters. The Review was a protest against the earnest cant and insincere enthusiasm of the Radicals of the first Reform era; vices which are reproduced to-day under the shield of Socialism, though Pococurante is no longer tolerated as an antidote, but frowned down as disreputable. Goldwin Smith was clever enough to see that London and the Bar were not his field; and through his Peelite friends he got appointed secretary to the two University Commissions, which roused Oxford from her sleep of port and prejudice, and to the Commission on National Education which followed. Although by this time he had followed his leaders into the Liberal camp, Goldwin Smith always preferred the voluntary and parental system of primary

education to the Board schools. In 1858 Smith was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, and occupied that Chair till 1866. In 1868 he went out to the United States as Professor of History at the new Cornell University at Ithaca. In 1871 he migrated to Canada, where some relatives had settled, and in 1875, at the age of fifty-two, he married a widow, two years younger than himself, a Bostonian who had married a Canadian; and in her charming house at Toronto, the "Grange", Goldwin Smith lived happily the remaining thirty-five years of his life.

We say happily, because Goldwin Smith says so; but we doubt the fact. The Professor was a rancorous partisan, and if he could not quarrel about politics he would do so about charity or education. There are several photographs of Smith at all periods of his life in this volume: it is not a happy or an agreeable face. The high brow hangs over eyes set deep and close together: the wide mouth is well pulled down at its corners, and the thin lips are compressed. If there be anything in physiognomy, it is the face of a disappointed man, who is not inclined to forgive the world for overlooking his deserts. Of his settlement in Canada Goldwin Smith writes: "A literary field Ontario could hardly be, walled in as she was by the French province on one side, on another by the wilderness which bounds her to the west, and to the south by the United States. The literary market of the United States, in spite of the identity of language, is separate. . . . My life as a literary man in the highest sense of the term was at an end. My Oxford dreams of literary achievement never were or could be fulfilled in Canada. Canadians who seek literary distinction, as some have done not in vain, go to England." Well, we suppose that few men realise their Oxford dreams of any kind. But if his literary career was over, Goldwin Smith continued to intervene in politics with some effect. He was a strong opponent of Irish Home Rule, and Gladstone's adoption of that policy brought him back to England for a while, during which his letters to "The Times" and his articles in the magazines rendered good service to the Unionist party. This made him for the hour quite a favourite with the Conservatives, who were accustomed to revile him. And, indeed, his views on Canadian politics were very unpopular, except with a small party in the Dominion. For if Goldwin Smith was a Unionist on this side of the Atlantic, he was called a Separatist on the other. He was a strong, almost a fanatical, Free Trader, and this made him advocate the removal of the Customs barrier between the United States and Canada. From the levelling of the tariff wall to the obliteration of the political frontier is a short and apparently easy step. Goldwin Smith argued that as the United States and the Dominion were geographically one, they ought to be commercially one, and would inevitably be (some day) politically one. Canada as she is now is a province of Great Britain, a dependency of a first-rate Power on the other side of the globe, secretly despised as colonial, openly patronised by Viceroys and touring dukes. Let Canada join the United States—"annex" is a vile phrase—and her real destiny opens; she becomes an integral State of the most powerful Republic the world has ever seen. Anyway, whether Canada wills it or no, absorption by the United States is her unavoidable fate. So wrote and said Goldwin Smith to all who would listen, and if he seduced some by his logic and his style, he offended a great many more, both in Canada and in England. It is only fair to add that he sincerely believed the junction of the two halves of the North American continent would be for the benefit of Great Britain, by providing the Mother Country with a strong and unchangeable ally. The weakest point in his argument is this. Goldwin Smith counted on the Scotch and English element in the dominion to counteract, if fused, the German and Irish factors, which are bitterly anti-British, in the United States. But he apparently forgot, what at other times he remembered clearly enough, the French and Irish Catholic factors in Canada, which, if not anti-British, are certainly not British. Luckily for Great Britain the rivalry of

manufacturers in the United States and the Dominion has prevented the levelling of the tariff barrier. If Goldwin Smith's prophecy should unfortunately come true, he will one day, no doubt, be rewarded with a statue. At present Goldwin Smith's reputation is that of the virile and venomous advocate of an unpatriotic policy, who was crucified by Disraeli in "Lothair" as "an Oxford professor".

The editor's task cannot have been easy, as it is evident that the papers were not methodically arranged, and there is a good deal of repetition and confusion of dates. This is ample excuse for the only two blunders we can detect in the footnotes, which are superfluous many of them, even for the present or next generation. The Sheffield election at which Goldwin Smith coached Mundella could not have been that of 1885 or 1886, by which time Mundella was an old hand, and had been one of Gladstone's Ministers. Dr. Jeune, the Master of Pembroke and member of the Oxford University Commission, was not Francis Jeune, the President of the Divorce Court, and created Lord St. Helier, who was a boy in his 'teens at the date in question, 1856. But in the record of a life stretching from 1823 to 1910 there must be many slips of detail, and very likely Mr. Haultain is not responsible for the two mentioned. The "Reminiscences" are throughout very interesting, and there are one or two good stories.

#### THE SCHOOL FOR SCULPTURE.

"Human Anatomy for Art Students." By Sir A. D. Fripp and others. London: Seeley. 1910. 7s. 6d. net. "Modelling and Sculpture." By Albert Toft. London: Seeley. 1910. 6s. net. (The New Art Library, edited by M. H. Spielmann and P. G. Konody.)

THESE are two volumes of the New Art Library, one by a man of great experience, treating in a practical manner and most seriously of all that can be written for the technical guidance of the modeller and sculptor; the other dealing with a subject which in modern days has come to be considered an essential study for the art student—human anatomy.

Mr. Toft's handbook is complete and thorough in its description of the different processes connected with sculpture according to the system of Professor Lantéri. The author has given most freely of his knowledge acquired during a long practice of the art. A student after reading this book will know as much about the art as theory can teach; but, as the writer himself truly says, there is only one way to succeed in art, and that is to do, and hard work it is. Mr. Toft is doubtful whether the well-equipped schools of London to-day are not doing too much for the student, so that when he enters the sculptor's studio he is possessed of no ingenuity and finds his training of little practical value.

The second part of the book is devoted to photographs of acknowledged masterpieces of sculpture, considered and explained by the writer. Foremost among these are the figures from the Parthenon Frieze. It has been truly said that the Greeks never drew from the antique, nor were they handicapped by a knowledge of anatomy; they had no preconceived notion of the appearance to be expected of the human form; but they simply tried to express, as well as their means allowed, the objects as their observation saw them—truth governed by a mathematical sense of balance. Though the Greeks had no technical knowledge of the science, their keen observation led them to express anatomical facts correctly in their work. Professor Anderson, of the Royal Academy, used to say that he could demonstrate the correctness of the anatomical form from the Pheidian sculptures at the British Museum. The Gothic sculptors who have left behind them the numberless figures on the cathedrals of France probably were not given to the study of anatomy;

yet the Greek and Gothic sculptors accomplished work more living and more profound in knowledge of form than the artists of the Renaissance and later, who certainly practised the study of anatomy. The beauty of the Renaissance is another charm than that of pure form, it is the complexity of mechanism of their design; and their sculpture added something new to art in their picturesque use of low relief.

An addition to the number of existing art text-books—and they are legion—cannot fail to arouse in the artist's mind a feeling of thankfulness that the Old Masters were not in their day confused by many guides. They worked away, observing and recording, untrammelled by the modern student's training in the way things ought to look. It is only necessary to visit one of the exhibitions of modern art work to be persuaded of the effect of technical books upon the contemporary art student. It is easier to work from a memory-knowledge of anatomy than to think it out for oneself. A pair of compasses cannot measure Beauty, nor the camera reveal it. This is an age of mimicry in art work—a great artist searches out some fresh mode of expression, and immediately the exhibitions are full of weak imitations of his manner. The brilliant young draughtsman of our day suggests an amazing knowledge of the contents of the Print Room at the British Museum, the result merely showing a wonderful memory, and no personality in the work. In architecture to-day we have extraordinary displays of construction and technical knowledge, which can be acquired at the technical schools; but the beauty, if it comes in at all, suggests the note-book, the foot-rule, and some dead man's brains. Now in sculpture a knowledge of anatomy may be useful to the growing student; like many other collateral subjects, it should be studied by him only to be dropped when the artist in him develops and seeks to express himself, or surely it will hinder this art-expression which is his life. Leonardo da Vinci, whose studies in anatomy were most thorough, has not left one work which suggests the need of the knowledge resulting from these studies, but rather an intimate and constant observation of life. Vasari tells us how, whilst he was painting the portrait of Monna Lisa, Leonardo "kept constantly near her musicians, singers and jesters, who might make her laugh, and so dispel the melancholy which is so easily imparted to painted portraits. In Leonardo's picture, therefore, there is a smile so sweet that, while looking at it, one thinks it rather divine than human work". What Leonardo himself said about many of the Florentine painters of the Quattrocento was that they resembled a mirror which reflects all things without knowledge. His effort in painting Monna Lisa was to produce her portrait as at times she might have looked, and to gain this knowledge he studied her every varied mood.

Michelangelo, on the other hand, produced works which, as Rodin has described them, show that he studied anatomy at night, and worked without the life next day.

If there is to be a text-book of anatomy it must be a good one, and Sir Alfred Fripp and his colleagues have expressed most clearly and concisely every detail of the subject in such a manner that it can be grasped by the lay mind, and the artist who consults their book may be assured of finding information on any branch of the subject of which his study of the life may have left him in ignorance. The index is an exhaustive one, so that time which would be otherwise occupied in observation need not be wasted in poring over extraneous matter. The chapter on the differences of proportions in the sexes and at different stages of growth is extremely helpful. The photographs at the end of the volume are more instructive than the drawings running through the text, which may be anatomically correct, but from the art point of view are bad. The cover of the book must have been edited by the two famous critics who control the Library. Still the inside of the book is better than the outside.

MR. WELLS' DON JUAN.

"The New Machiavelli." By H. G. Wells. London :  
Lane. 1911. 6s.

ONE reads a new book by Mr. Wells with a mild excitement. He has the courage to be continually changing his mind, nor does he aimlessly change it. How far and how creditably Mr. Wells has proceeded is shown in the conduct of his latest hero. The new Machiavelli joins the Tory party as the best means of being useful to his country. He joins the Tories because their "mental hinterland" is sounder than that of the Radicals. "Mental hinterland" is the sum of the thought and philosophy that lies behind the conduct of a man or of a party. It is often something quite apart from the actual things the party does, or tries to do; but it measures the party's potentiality for progress. We gather that Mr. Wells does not credit his Radical friends with a "mental hinterland" either very extensively or very intensively cultivated. They only know and care about the things they want to destroy; for the purposes of the constructive reformer they are useless. Mr. Wells believes more than ever in an educated aristocracy; in fact he goes straight back to Aristotle. His hero looks solemnly about him for the raw material of such an aristocracy and finds the most promising sample of the thing he wants among the Tories. One need not wonder that Mr. Wells' imaginative sketches of contemporary people are cruel when he comes to present to us the Radical friends he has outgrown. We do not know whether Mr. Wells supposes himself to be generalising upon type in these sketches or to be describing contemporary persons as accurately as his knowledge and understanding permits. Certainly there is a fine contempt of the ordinary implicit in his treatment of present political conditions. The young reformer who secedes to the Tories helps to form a young Imperialist Tory wing, one of the main planks in whose platform is the public endowment of motherhood.

"The New Machiavelli" is neither a novel nor a treatise, but something that falls between the two. The hero is a little boy; Mr. Wells discusses toys and the infant mind. The hero lives in Bromstead; Bromstead points the moral of a discourse upon the ugly confusion resulting from individualist exploitation of building land and of things in general. The hero goes to school; there is a discourse of schools and education. The hero goes to Cambridge; Mr. Wells criticises the Universities. The hero stands for Kinghamstead; there is a disquisition on electioneering and the party hack. The hero becomes an important public person; we plunge into an exhaustive analysis of modern British politics with some really outrageous "pen-pictures" of a great many public persons of to-day. Mr. Wells is an extremely fertile thinker, and he flings about his suggestions with a lavish hand. The naïveté of his easy generalising and his provocative dogmatism rarely convince, but they are always stimulating.

What unity of design there is in Mr. Wells' book lies in the struggle between the political ambitions of the hero and a lawless love which he cannot satisfy without a scandal big enough to drive him from public life. We wish we could say of this struggle that it was cleanly fought to an issue. Unfortunately Mr. Wells has disfigured his story, as he disfigured the story of Ann Veronica, by continuously harping upon the physical aspect of sex. His hero is grossly over-sexed. Before his marriage he never refused an intrigue, and he seems

(Continued on page 118.)

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to have met quite an extraordinary number of complaisant women. His proclivities even take him to a disreputable small room in the purlieus of Tottenham Court Road. Mr. Wells' views of social questions are perverted and blurred by an insistence entirely new to his work upon the problem of sex per se. He has lost the balanced views on questions of sociological interest which distinguished him from others of the Fabian persuasion. "If people are not to love", says the new Machiavelli, "then they must be kept apart. If they are not to be kept apart, then we must prepare for an unprecedented toleration of lovers."

### NOVELS.

"Chains." By Edward Noble. London: Constable. 1910. 6s.

Mr. Noble's new book has for its theme a problem raised by the modern laws of divorce. The scene is laid on the West Coast of South America, both on board the ships that cruise along the coast, and on shore, where the land is as likely to rock in earthquakes as the sea. Captain Sheen, the husband of Betty the heroine, is a drunkard and an unfaithful scoundrel. Both failings are suspected by the friends of Betty, who console her by taking her temporarily away from the brute, and try to make her leave him permanently. Naturally the tertium quid arrives before long—a nice young artist, who falls in love with Betty as ardently as she does with him; and on these terms the game is played. Captain Sheen knows himself—in his sober moments—to be secure by the law, and Betty and her friends can prove nothing against him. The happy release comes when a timely seismic convulsion swallows up the unfaithful and unwanted husband, and we are left with a scene of general satisfaction. A rough outline of the story does no justice either to Mr. Noble's excellent manner of subordinating incidents or to his power of graphic narrative. Fastidious readers may shrink from the frankness with which he details certain of the episodes, especially those descriptive of Captain Sheen's infidelities; but we endorse them with a strong sense of Mr. Noble's good purpose. As Stevenson's captain says, "I guess we are all beasts"; and these pictures of uncivilised passion and of the hopeless inadequacy of so-called civilised law may be read as a powerful social sermon as well as a good dramatic novel.

"The Confessions of a Successful Wife." By G. Dorset. London: Heinemann. 1910. 6s.

English readers will put aside this book with a feeling of deep regret that Christopher Columbus was ever allowed to start on his voyage of discovery. There are whole pages in it which hurt; lines and phrases which seem to have no purpose but to offend the eye and ear. We confess frankly that this novel contains words whose meanings we can only understand by a careful study of the context, and few wish to treat a modern work of fiction as though it were a Greek unseen set in a pass examination. At the end of several volumes of the Waverley novels there is a vocabulary of Gaelic words, and it would be a good plan for American authors to adopt some such plan if they wish for a sale in England. A few interesting facts are recorded as to the habits of citizens of the United States; thus on page 7 we read "When we got into bed we got in barefooted, all of us". During the South African war, when the national spirit was at fever-heat, things like that were said about the Boers, but we should treat them as ill-natured libels now.

### THE QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

Excellent numbers both are the "Quarterly" and the "Edinburgh" though the political articles are not all the fighting Unionist could wish. We cannot perhaps reasonably ask the "Edinburgh" to break with its Whig prejudices, but something more might be expected of the "Quarterly" than agreement with the view that the Lords were unwise to refer the Budget of 1909 to the people. As, however, the "Quarterly" talks throughout of the rejection

of the Budget, its view is probably based on a misapprehension. Dealing with the Parliament Bill, the "Quarterly" ingeniously paraphrases the preamble thus: "Whereas Sir Edward Grey and other members of the Cabinet regard a Single Chamber policy as 'death and damnation', and whereas, it is desirable to placate them but highly inconvenient to act on their opinion, be it therefore recorded that they hold that opinion, though they have assented to the destruction of the existing Second Chamber". The "Quarterly", believing that "democratic ills require democratic remedies", describes the Referendum as "a device at once democratic in its spirit and conservative in its action", and sees in the new policy the promise of many future victories. The first and urgent requirement of the Unionist party, it says, is discipline, and it hopes that Mr. Balfour will not hesitate to assert himself. Both the "Quarterly" and the "Edinburgh" continue their vain regrets that Tariff Reform is part of the Unionist programme. The "Edinburgh" fixes responsibility on certain Unionist "hotheads" for the impression, which, it says, is perhaps unjust but not unnatural, that the Opposition has become a party "closely identified with protection and privilege". Doubts as to the Referendum and confidence as to the results which would follow Tariff Reform are confirmed in the mind of the "Edinburgh" by recollection of what has happened with regard to Home Rule. "We listen with some hesitation when we are advised to follow foreign example without first assuring ourselves of the similarity of circumstances in the foreign country and in our own. A few years ago Irish Home Rule was recommended to us, amongst other reasons, because the system answered so well in Austria-Hungary, Iceland, Norway, and Sweden!" There you have the true Whig spirit. Because those who wished to break up the United Kingdom on a false analogy have been shown to be wrong, therefore we are to assume that nobody's experience is to be taken as a guide to our own. The very failure of the Gladstonian examples of Home Rule at work, which Unionists never accepted, should strengthen Unionist confidence in their ability to appreciate things foreign at their proper value.

In the "Quarterly" appears a first article on Private Property at Sea, dealing with the historical side of the question. "India under Lord Morley" shows that "in any consideration of Indian affairs during the last five years it is a case of Lord Morley everywhere". "The National Trust" is a fine plea for the preservation of English monuments and beauty from the desecrating hand of advertiser and vandal alike. An article on "Woods and Forests" not only tells us what has already been done in afforestation experiments, but throws out some suggestions of value. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald contributes a most amusing article on Boswell's "Johnson" as a bold device for the self-advertisement of Boswell. The "Edinburgh" has an article on European Dominion in Asia, to which Lord Curzon's oration at Glasgow will add point. Two historical articles overlap: they deal with "Our Tudor Kings" and "Mary Stuart". The relations of the State and English Universities are considered in the light of recent reports. The "Edinburgh" puts the question of University efficiency to "the test of freedom", and urges that University independence and integrity are of momentous importance to English education now and hereafter, "for it is upon the Universities that the brunt of the battle for the purity of educational standards must fall". It is their duty to vindicate the dignity of thought, the disinterested pursuit of knowledge, and the training of character. "The Universities are indeed the trustees of the mind", and, as Sir Robert Morant once said, "Education is different from providing trams".

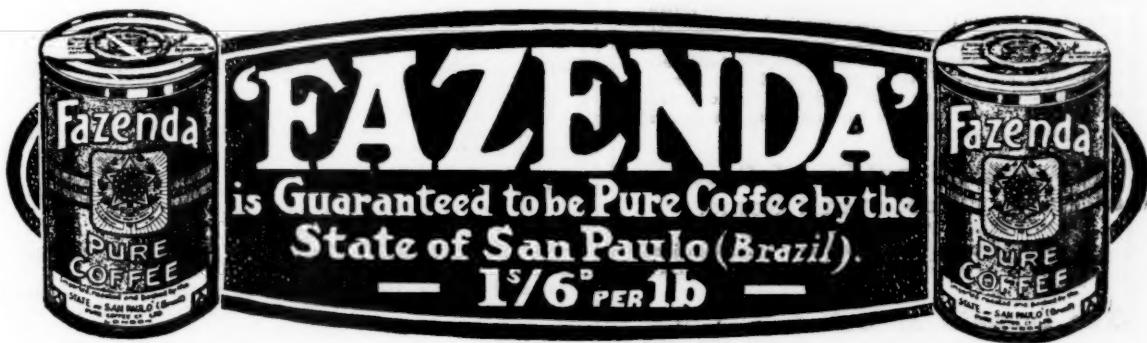
A copious supply of the notes and law book reviews, which are always excellent in the "Law Quarterly Review", and two reprinted lectures, one by Mr. Arthur Cohen K.C., the other Professor Geldard's inaugural lecture at Oxford, largely help to make the present number more than usually bulky. Mr. Cohen's lecture on the Declaration of London has been considerably added to by certain criticisms of Mr. Bowles' statements in his recent book "Sea Law and Sea Power", which has attracted so much attention. "A Historical study of Mohammedan Law", by Syed H. R. Abdul Majid, and "The Native States of India", by Sir William Lee-Warner, a rejoinder to a previous article by Professor Westlake, raising the question of the international or constitutional elements in their relations to the United Kingdom, deserve the attention of Indians and Anglo-Indians. A short article on the recent Statute of Frauds case, *Reeve v. Jennings*, is amusing from the fact that Mr. A. E. Randall does not agree with the Divisional Court, and the editor does not agree with his contributor.

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CAPITAL—		LIABILITIES.				ASSETS.	
40,000 Shares of £75 each, £10 I.O.U. paid	11	£12,000	11	£12,000	11	£9,891,941	8 10
215,000 11	600 11	2,580,000 11	11			4,666,111 9 11	
 RESERVE FUND	11	£3,350,000 11	11	3,000,000 11	11		
Transferred to writing down Investments	11	200,000 11	11	2,150,000 11	11		
 CURRENT, DEPOSIT, and other ACCOUNTS, including rebate on Bills not due, provision for bad and doubtful debts, contingencies, &c.	65,142,781 18 5	5,150,000 11	11				
ACCEPTANCES and ENDORSEMENTS of FOREIGN BILLS, on Account of Customers	11	1,114,643 9 2	11				
 PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT :—	11		11				
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, including £99,165 18/3 brought from year 1909...	£736,378 12 4						
Less Interim Dividend, 8 per cent. paid in Aug. last	11	£44,000 11	11				
Dividend of 9 per cent. payable 7th February next	11	270,000 11	11				
Applied to writing down Investments	11	130,000 11	11	640,000 11	11		
 Balance carried forward to 1911	11	96,378,781 12 4	11				
		£71,503,803 19 11	11				
						£71,503,803 19 11	

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Circular Notes and Letters of Credit, payable at the principal towns abroad, are issued for the use of Travellers.

The Officers of the Bank are bound to secrecy as regards the transactions of its customers.

Copies of the Annual Report of the Bank, Lists of Branches, Agents and Correspondents, may be had on application at the Head Office, and at any of the Bank's Branches.

# London County and Westminster Bank, Ltd.

(ESTABLISHED IN 1836.)

**CAPITAL** ... ... £14,000,000, IN 700,000 SHARES OF £20 EACH.  
**PAID-UP CAPITAL** ... ... £3,500,000. | **RESERVE FUND** ... ... £4,050,000.

The Rt. Hon. The VISCOUNT GOSCHEN, *Chairman.*WALTER LEAF, Esq., *Deputy-Chairman.***Joint Managers.**ALFRED MAYO HAWTHORN (*Head Office*). THOMAS JAMES RUSSELL (*Colonies and Agencies*).  
FRANK WILLIAM HOWETT (*Country*).**Joint Secretaries.**

AUSTIN ARROW KEMPE. | GEOFFREY PAGET.

**HEAD OFFICE** ... ... 41 LOTHBURY, E.C.  
**LOMBARD STREET OFFICE**, 21 LOMBARD STREET, E.C.

WEST END OFFICE ... ... ... ... ... 1 ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, S.W.  
 FOREIGN BRANCH ... ... ... ... ... 82 CORNHILL, E.C.

## BALANCE SHEET, 31st DECEMBER, 1910.

LIABILITIES.				ASSETS.	
CAPITAL—Subscribed	... ... £14,000,000	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
700,000 Shares of £20 each, £5 paid	... ... 3,500,000	0	0	In hand, and at Bank of	
RESERVE	... ... 4,050,000	0	0	England and other Banks...	11,054,781
CURRENT AND DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS	... ... 76,516,584	5	4	At Call and Short Notice	13,388,672
CIRCULAR NOTES, LETTERS OF CREDIT, COMMISSION LOANS, AND OTHER ACCOUNTS, including provision for contingencies	... ... 1,571,992	0	11		24,443,458
ACCEPTANCES FOR CUSTOMERS	... ... 5,184,580	2	2		12 4
LIABILITY BY ENDORSEMENT (Bills negotiated for Customers)	... ... 14,456	3	9	BILLS DISCOUNTED	... ...
Contingent Liability on Endorsements	... ... £49,241				14,210,188
REBATE ON BILLS not due	... ... 62,702	18	0	INVESTMENTS	... ...
PROFIT AND LOSS BALANCE, as below	... ... 506,229	1	10	Consols (of which £1,352,000 is lodged for Public Accounts), and other Securities of, or guaranteed by, the British Government	6,347,041
				Indian Government Stock, and Indian Government Guaranteed Railway Stocks and Debentures	8 3
				Colonial Government Securities, British Corporation Stocks, and British Railway Debenture Stocks	1,511,595
				Other Investments	12 2
					1,288,200
					688,399
					8 8
					9,885,287
					5 2
				ADVANCES TO CUSTOMERS AND OTHER ACCOUNTS	... ... 36,148,765
					14 0
				LIABILITY OF CUSTOMERS FOR ACCEPTANCES, as per contra	... ... 5,184,589
					2 2
				LIABILITY OF CUSTOMERS FOR ENDORSEMENT, as per contra	... ... 14,456
					3 9
				BANK AND OTHER PREMISES (at cost, less amounts written off)	... ... 1,574,842
					18 8
					£91,886,458
					12 0
					£91,886,458
					12 0

Dr.	PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.			Cr.			
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	
To Interest paid to Customers	715,440	4	3	By Balance brought forward from 31st December, 1909	147,787	19	0
,, Salaries and all other expenses, including Income Tax and Auditors' and Directors' Remuneration	1,159,192	13	2	,, Gross Profit for the year, after making provision for Bad Debts and Contingencies, and including Rebate brought forward from 31st Dec. last	2,820,776	17	6
,, Rebate on Bills not due carried to New Account	62,702	18	0				
,, Interim Dividend of 10 per cent. paid in August last	350,000	0	0				
,, Investments Accounts (Depreciation)	125,000	0	0				
,, Bank Premises Account	50,000	0	0				
,, Further Dividend of 10 per cent., payable 1st February next (making 20 per cent. for the year)	£350,000	0	0				
,, Balance carried forward	156,229	1	10				
	506,229	1	10				
	£2,968,564	17	3				
	£2,968,564	17	3				

GOSCHEN,  
WALTER LEAF,  
ERIC BARRINGTON, } Directors.

A. M. HAWTHORN,  
T. J. RUSSELL,  
F. W. HOWETT,  
T. J. CARPENTER, } Joint  
Managers.  
Chief Accountant.

### AUDITORS' REPORT.

We have examined the above Balance Sheet and compared it with the Books at Lothbury and Lombard Street, and the Certified Returns received from the Branches.

We have verified the Cash in hand at Lothbury and Lombard Street and at the Bank of England and the Bills Discounted, and examined the Securities held against Money at Call and Short Notice, and those representing the Investments of the Bank.

We have obtained all the information and explanations we have required, and in our opinion the Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us, and as shown by the Books of the Company.

LONDON, 17th January, 1911.

FRED. JOHN YOUNG, F.C.A., } Auditors.  
G. E. SENDELL, F.C.A., } Auditors.

# THE UNION OF LONDON & SMITHS BANK, LIMITED.

ESTABLISHED 1839.

Authorised Capital, £25,000,000. Subscribed Capital, £22,934,100.

Paid-up Capital, £3,554,785 10s. Reserve Fund, £1,150,000.

NUMBER OF PROPRIETORS—UPWARDS OF 9,300.

DIRECTORS.

SIR FELIX SCHUSTER, Bart., Governor. JOHN TROTTER, Esq., Deputy-Governor.

ERNEST W. BARNARD, Esq.  
THEODORE BASSETT, Esq.  
LEO BONN, Esq.  
PERCIVAL BOSANQUET, Esq.  
FRANCIS W. BUXTON, Esq.  
CHARLES C. CAVE, Esq.  
JOHN ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK, Esq.  
JOHN DENNISTOUN, Esq.  
HORACE GEORGE DEVAS, Esq.

H. W. DRUMMOND, Esq.  
WILLIAM O. GILCHRIST, Esq.  
HENRY J. B. KENDALL, Esq.  
A. B. LESLIE-NELVILLE, Esq.  
JOHN NEWS, Esq.  
ROBERT FENTON MILES, Esq.  
HENRY W. PRESCOTT, Esq.  
KENNETH L. C. PRESCOTT, Esq.  
BERTRAM ABEL SMITH, Esq.

EUSTACE ABEL SMITH, Esq.  
GERALD DUDLEY SMITH, Esq.  
HERBERT FRANCIS SMITH, Esq.  
LINDSAY ERIC SMITH, Esq.  
Rt. Hon. C. B. STUART WORTLEY, K.C., M.P.  
ARTHUR M. H. WALROND, Esq.  
SIR JULIUS WERNHER, Bart.  
Rt. Hon. SIR ALGERNON WEST, G.C.B.  
CHARLES H. R. WOLLASTON, Esq.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE—2 PRINCES STREET, E.C.

J. E. W. HOULDING, Manager.  
H. H. HART, Country and Foreign Manager.  
H. R. HOARE, Secretary.

P. J. WIFFEN, Metropolitan Branch Manager.  
L. E. THOMAS, Country Branch Manager.  
L. J. CORNISH, Assistant Secretary.

Trustee Department: 2 Princes Street, E.C.

Lombard Street Office (Smith, Payne, and Smiths), 1 Lombard Street, E.C. Cornhill Office (Prescott's Bank, Limited), 50 Cornhill, E.C.

Dr.	LIABILITIES.	Cr.
Capital subscribed, £22,931,100 in 229,341 Shares of £100 each ; paid up £15 10s. per Share	3,514,785 10 0	
Reserve Fund—		
Invested in Consols, Local Loans Stock, and Transvaal Government 3 per cent. Guaranteed Stock, as per Contra	1,150,000 0 0	
Current Accounts	£28,425,987 7 2	
Deposit Accounts	13,739,964 11 5	
	40,215,971 18 7	
Acceptances and Guarantees	4,188,724 14 5	
Liabilities by indorsement on Foreign Bills sold	12,507 13 2	
Other Liabilities, being interest due on Deposits, unclaimed		
Dividends, &c.	606,955 8 11	
Rebate on Bills not due	43,320 4 0	
Profit and Loss—		
Balance brought forward	£338,576 9 7	
Net profit for the half-year ending December 31, 1910	249,478 18 3	
	438,055 7 10	
Less Amount provided in Profit and Loss Account for writing down Investments	130,000 0 0	
	368,055 7 10	
	£50,140,320 16 11	

ASSETS.	Cr.
Cash in Hand	£ 3,161,774 14 2
in Bank of England	4,036,563 1 4
	7,198,337 15 6
Money at Call and at Short Notice	8,263,461 8 3
Investments—	
Securities of and guaranteed by the British Government	2,458,945 6 8
India Stock and Indian Railways Guaranteed Bonds	143,386 16 8
English Corporation Stocks, Railway and Water-works Debenture and Preference Stocks, Colonial Stocks, Foreign Government and Railway Debenture Bonds	2,818,518 5 10
Other Investments	120,220 0 10
Reserve Fund—	5,581,070 10 0
£18,000 Consols	
£165,500 Local Loans Stock	
£40,450 Transvaal Government 3 per cent. Guaranteed Stock	1,150,000 0 0
	6,731,070 10 0
Bills Discounted	5,792,219 0 4
Loans and Advances	16,330,568 14 10
Liabilities of Customers on Acceptances and Guarantees, as per Contra	4,188,724 14 5
Liabilities of Customers for indorsements, as per Contra	19,507 13 2
Bank Premises, chiefly freehold (at cost or under)	1,478,411 16 3
Other Assets, being interest due on Investments, &c.	145,019 4 2
	£50,140,320 16 11

## Report of the Auditors to the Shareholders of

THE UNION OF LONDON &amp; SMITHS BANK, LIMITED.

We have audited the above Balance Sheet with the Books at the Head Office and with the returns from the Branches. We have satisfied ourselves as to the correctness of the Cash and have verified the Investments held by the Bank, the Securities held against Money at Call and Short Notice, and the Bills Discounted. We have obtained all the information and explanations we have required. In our opinion such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs, according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Company.

WM. B. PEAT  
C. W. M. KEMP  
ARTHUR F. WHINNEY

FELIX SCHUSTER, Governor  
JOHN TROTTER, Deputy Governor  
HENRY J. B. KENDALL  
J. E. W. HOULDING, Manager.  
C. H. R. WEIDEMANN, Chief Accountant.

TERMS.—CURRENT ACCOUNTS.—These are kept according to the usual custom of London and Country Bankers.

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS.—Deposits are received at Interest, subject to notice of withdrawal, or by special agreement, in accordance with the usual custom.

GENERAL BUSINESS.—The Agency of Country and Foreign Banks, whether Joint Stock or Private. Circular Notes and Letters of Credit issued for all parts of the Continent of Europe and elsewhere. Purchases and Sales effected in all the British and Foreign Stocks and Securities. Dividends on Stocks and Shares, the half-year of Officers, Pensions, Annuities, &amp;c., received for Customers without charge.

The Officers and Clerks connected with the Bank are required to sign a Declaration of Secrecy as to the transactions of any of its customers.

EXECUTORSHIPS AND TRUSTEESHIPS.—The Bank, having the necessary powers, are prepared to undertake the Office of Executors, Trustees, and Custodian Trustees, on terms, particulars of which can be obtained from the Head Office.

NOTE.—In pursuance of the Treasury Regulations it is hereby stated that no liability attaches to the Consolidated Fund of the British Government in respect of any act or omission of the Bank.

## RAND MINES, LIMITED.

(Incorporated in the Transvaal.)

Dividend No. 15.

DIVIDEND ON SHARES TO BEARER.

HOLDERS OF SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER are informed that they will receive payment, on or after Saturday, 11th February, 1911, of Dividend No. 15 (10%, i.e. 5s. 6d. per ss. share), after surrender of Coupon No. 15, at the London Office of the Company, No. 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C., to the Compagnie Française de Banque et de Mines, 20 Rue Taitbout, Paris, or to the Banque Internationale de Bruxelles, Brussels.

Coupons belonging to holders resident in the United Kingdom will be subject to a deduction by the London Office of English Income Tax at the rate of 1s. 2d. in the pound.

All Coupons presented at the Compagnie Française de Banque et de Mines, Paris, as well as any presented at the London Office for account of holders resident in France, will be subject to a deduction of 1s. ad. in the pound on account of French Transfer Duty and French Income Tax.

All Coupons presented at the Banque Internationale de Bruxelles, Brussels, must be accompanied by Affidavits or Statutory Declarations on forms obtainable from the Company's London Office or from the Banque Internationale de Bruxelles, declaring the full name and residence of the owner of the Share Warrants from which such Coupons have been detached.

Coupons must be left four clear days for examination at any of the Offices mentioned above, and may be lodged any day (Saturdays excepted) between the hours of 11 and 2.

Listing Forms may be had on application.

## “What is in the BYSTANDER this week ?”

is now the recognised salutation in Society, Political, and Social circles. Its handy size, its bright, topical pictures, its pungent paragraphs all combine to make THE BYSTANDER the most popular paper of its class, if, indeed, it may not be accurately described as a class of itself.

Out every Wednesday. Price 6d.

OFFICES: TALLIS HOUSE, TALLIS STREET, LONDON, E.C.



28 January, 1911

# The Saturday Review.

The Subscription Lists will open on Monday, the 30th day of January, 1911, and will close on or before Wednesday, the 1st day of February, 1911.

## THE CUBAN TELEPHONE COMPANY.

(Incorporated under the Laws of the State of Delaware, U.S.A.)

SHARE CAPITAL - - - \$10,000,000  
Issued and Fully Paid - - - \$5,000,000

Offer of £300,000 5 per Cent. First Mortgage 40-Year Convertible Gold Bonds at 89 per cent.

Part of an authorised issue of £2,000,000, of which £141,620 have already been allotted; £500,000 are now offered, and £200,000 will be offered simultaneously in Havana, Cuba. Under the terms of the Trust Deed, after £1,050,000 have been issued no further Bonds can be issued unless the net earnings of the Company for the preceding half year shall have exceeded by 20 per cent. a sum sufficient to provide the interest for that period on all Bonds then outstanding and to pay the interest on the further Bonds proposed to be issued.

Principal repayable 1st January, 1951.

LLOYDS BANK Limited, 72 Lombard Street, London, E.C., and Branches are authorised to receive as Bankers on behalf of the Purchasers applications for the above-mentioned £300,000 Five per Cent. First Mortgage 40-Year Convertible Gold Bonds at the price of 89 per cent, payable as follows:-

Per £200 Bond.	Per £100 Bond.	Per £20 Bond.	
On Application	... £20 0 0	... £10 0 0	... £2 0 0
On Allotment	... 38 0 0	... 19 0 0	... 3 16 0
On February 27th, 1911	... 60 0 0	... 32 0 0	... 6 0 0
On April 1st, 1911	... 60 0 0	... 30 0 0	... 6 0 0

£178 0 0 ... £89 0 0 ... £17 16 0

or the who's may be paid up in full on allotment or on the due date of any instalment under discount at the rate of four per cent. per annum.

The Bonds will be secured by a Trust Deed in favour of the Trust Company of America, New York, who will act as Trustees for the Bondholders, and by such Trust Deed it is intended to constitute a First Mortgage on the whole of the immovable property of the Company. The Bonds are convertible at the option of the holder at their face value into a Common Stock of the Company at the rate of £125 of bonds per £100 of stock before 1st January, 1922, such option being exercisable by thirty days notice in writing to the Company expiring on any 30th June or 31st December. The Bonds will be used to Bearer, with the option to the holders of registration, and will be issued in denominations of £200 (£973 3s 3d), £100 (£486 06s 6d), £50 (£237 53s 3d), £20 (£97 3s 3d), and will have half-yearly coupons attached, payable on the 1st January and 1st July in each year. Principal and interest will be payable at the office of the Company's Bankers, Lloyds Bank Limited, 72 Lombard Street, in London, England, in English Sterling, or at the holder's option in gold coin of the United States of America, at the office of the National Bank of Cuba in the City of Havana; or at the office of the Trust Company of America in New York; or in French currency at the office of the Company's Bankers in Paris, France. The Company reserves the right to redeem all the Bonds on any 30th June or 31st December after the year 1920 at a premium of 5 per cent., together with all accrued interest on giving 6 months' previous notice of its intention so to do. Provision will be made by the Trust Deed for the redemption of the Bonds by means of a sinking fund of one per cent. per annum, commencing with the year 1921, and such sinking fund will be paid to the Trustees and applied in purchasing the Bonds at any price not exceeding 105 per cent. and accrued interest. If such sinking fund is not exhausted by the purchase of these bonds at or below 105 per cent. in the year in which such payment is made then the balance of the Sinking Fund will be carried forward to the succeeding year, and the payment to be made in such succeeding year by way of Sinking Fund shall be reduced by the amount so carried forward. Scrip Certificates to bearer will be issued in exchange for allotment letters after payment of the instalment due on allotment and these Scrip Certificates will, when fully paid, be exchanged for the bonds when ready for delivery, of which due notice will be given. The Scrip Certificates will have annexed coupon for interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on the instalments, calculated from the due dates of payment and payable on the 1st July, 1911. The Definitive Bonds will have annexed a coupon for a full half-year's interest payable on the 1st January 1912, and all subsequent coupons.

The following letter has been addressed to Messrs. Sperling & Co. by Mr. Roland R. Conklin, one of the Directors of the Cuban Telephone Company, viz:-  
Messrs. Sperling & Co., Basildon House, Moorgate Street,  
London, E.C. : 24th January, 1911.

Dear Sirs.—CONCESSION.—The Cuban Telephone Company was incorporated under the Laws of Delaware, U.S.A., in 1908, and holds a Concession granted by the Hon. President of the Republic of Cuba in execution of a Law dated the 19th July, 1909, and the constitutionality of this Concession has been confirmed by the Supreme Court of Cuba, the highest Tribunal. The Concession confers upon the holder the right without limitation of time for the installation and operation of a general and long distance Telephone System extending over 1,000 miles, covering practically the entire Island of Cuba and including the City of Havana and 94 towns and municipalities of the Island. The Concession confers similar rights with regard to local Telephone service except within the radius of their existing Concessions, which relate to about fifteen towns and municipalities. The Company will either acquire these existing Concessions or await the expiry of their duration as may be considered advisable. The Company will thus practically have a monopoly of the Telephone system throughout the Island of Cuba.

HOLDINGS.—The Cuban Telephone Company has acquired:-£8,000,000 Stock of the Havana Telephone Company, being the entire issue, £370,000 Stock of the Havana Subway Company out of a total issue of £500,000, and £683,500 5 per cent. First Mortgage Bonds of the Havana Telephone Company, and has contracted to acquire £210,000 5 per cent. First Mortgage Bonds of the Havana Telephone Company, being the balance of the entire issue, £500,000 5 per cent. First Mortgage Bonds of the Havana Subway Company, being the entire issue, and £200,000 5 per cent. Second Mortgage Note of the Havana Subway Company, being the entire issue.

THE WHOLE OF THE ABOVE HOLDINGS WILL BE HANDED OVER TO THE TRUSTEES IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE TERMS OF THE TRUST DEED. The proceeds of sale of the £500,000 of Bonds now proposed to be issued will enable the Company to complete the purchase of the above Bonds and Note which it has contracted to acquire, and will leave a sum which will be more than sufficient to complete the installation up to 7,425 instruments.

SYSTEM.—The old system in use in Havana, which was built by the Havana Telephone Company, had reached its maximum capacity of about 3,500 telephones, and showed net earnings at the rate of £200,000 per annum above all expenses of operation and maintenance, although the system was antiquated in style and extremely costly to operate.

The old system was practically superseded by the Cuban Telephone Company's new and perfected modern automatic system about November 15th of last year, at which date some 4,500 telephones out of an immediate installation of 6,400 instruments had been installed. The system will have an ultimate capacity of 100,000 subscribers. Not more than 300 of the old instruments are now in use. The population of Havana is over 500,000, and is growing rapidly. New applications for telephones are coming in at the rate of about 15 per day. The Company's system is, in my opinion, the most up-to-date in the world, and is very economical in working, as it eliminates the need for manual operators at the switchboard.

THE HAVANA SUBWAY COMPANY is the owner under an administrative decree of an exclusive concession granted for 99 years to build subways for the purpose of carrying telephone, telegraph, electric light, and other wires in the City of Havana, and has completed an extensive system of subway conduits in that

city. By a Contract with the Havana Telephone Company the Havana Subway Company receives an annual rental of £42,000 for the use of subway ducts. On completion of the purchase above-mentioned the Cuban Telephone Company will hold the entire Bond and Note issue of the Havana Subway Company, and the interest on those Bonds nearly offsets the annual rental for duct service. The control of the Subway Company is of great importance to the Telephone Company, and practically assures a monopoly of the telephone system in the City of Havana. The Subway Company should receive a considerable increase in revenue from the rental of its ducts to Electric Light and Power Companies, in addition to the ducts rented to the Havana Telephone Company.

CONSTRUCTION.—Notwithstanding that there is no ice, sleet, or snow in Cuba, and maintenance expenses are correspondingly low, no expense has been spared in building the most modern and permanent type of construction capable of withstanding winds or other climatic conditions. The service in Havana is supplied by underground cables.

POWER.—The Company obtains practically the whole of its power from a Light and Power Company in Havana on favourable terms, but also maintains its own plant capable of supplying an equal amount of power as a reserve in case of accidents, so that an uninterrupted service is assured.

EARNINGS.—The present net earnings of the Cuban Telephone Company in respect of the new system in Havana from about 4,500 instruments reached £21,545 in November and £22,200 in December, 1910, such latter figure being at the rate of over £246,000 PER ANNUM, OR OVER £10,000 MORE THAN IS REQUIRED TO MEET THE INTEREST ON THE BONDS FOR £641,620 without taking into consideration the proceeds from the constantly increasing new installations in Havana or any of the local systems in other towns of Cuba or from Long Distance Toll Lines now under construction. Long Distance Lines have only been permitted by law in Cuba within the last two years, so that the developments in this direction are potentially very great.

The net earnings of the systems in Havana for the four years and 11 months ending November 30th, 1910, as certified by Messrs. Haskins & Sells and Messrs. Russell & Co., Public Accountants of New York, are as follows:- 1905, £96,827.50; 1907, £99,776.42; 1908, £163,834.79; 1909, £195,359.24; \*1910—Eleven months ending November 30th, £197,246.44.

According to cable advice the earnings for the month of December, 1910, amount to £22,200, making the total net earnings for the year, £214,446.44.

By the end of 1911, at the present rate of progress, the Company should have 7,425 telephones in operation. The following estimate of the Company's net earnings has been supplied by the Company's engineer:-

Estimated : Annual earnings for 7,425 telephones	at average rate authorised by Concession	... £590,287.50
Operating expenses and maintenance	at £12 per telephone	... £89,100.00
Government Royalty of 4 per cent.	... 23,611.50	£112,711.50

Net earnings

£171,776.00

or sufficient to pay the interest on £641,620 nearly three times over.

These figures do not include profits from long distance toll-lines or local systems to be established in other towns.

Mr. Edmund Land, the Company's Consulting Engineer, estimates that an installation of 20,000 telephones over the entire island will be completed within three years, and further that WHEN THE ENTIRE SYSTEM IS INCREASED TO 31,455 TELEPHONES (THE EQUIVALENT OF A SUPPLY TO ONLY 14 PER CENT. OF THE POPULATION), THE ABOVE NET EARNINGS SHOULD BE INCREASED TO £1,410.46, OR SUFFICIENT TO PAY THE INTEREST ON THE AMOUNT OF BONDS WHICH IT IS ESTIMATED WILL BE THEN OUTSTANDING MORE THAN FOUR TIMES OVER. The population of the whole Island of Cuba is over two millions, of which it is estimated that two-thirds are white. In many towns of America 8 to 10 per cent. of the population are users of telephones. He also states in his report that "the work already completed on the new system is of a high order, and I can safely say that after examining the specifications of the new work contracted for and now in progress of construction, the new system, when completed, will be unsurpassed in quality of service and permanence by any telephone system in the United States."

You're truly, for the CUBAN TELEPHONE COMPANY,

Roland R. CONKLIN, Director.

Failure to pay any instalment when due will render all previous payments liable to forfeiture, and interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum will be charged on all overdue instalments. A special settlement and an official quotation on the Stock Exchange, London, will be applied for in due course. If no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full, and if only a portion of the amount applied for be allotted the balance of the deposit will be applied towards payment of the amount due on allotment. A brokerage of 4 per cent. will be paid on all applications bearing Brokers' stamps. A draft of the Trust Deed and a copy of the Concession, also a certified Statement of Accounts as at 30th June, 1910, can be seen by intending subscribers at the offices of the Solicitors, Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp & Co., 17 Throgmorton Avenue, London, E.C., during usual business hours whilst the list remains open. Prospectuses and application forms may be obtained from the Bankers, Lloyds Bank Limited, 72 Lombard Street, and Branches; from Messrs. Sperling & Co., Basildon House, Moorgate Street, London, E.C.; or at the offices of the Solicitors.

DIRECTORS.—WILLIAM J. PATERSON, President, of New York; ROLAND R. CONKLIN, Vice-President, Central Cuba Sugar Company; MARTIN W. LITTLETON, of O'Brien, Boardman, Platt and Littleton, New York; COL. J. M. TARAFA, President, Matanzas Railway and Warehouse Company, Havana; WARREN N. AKERS, Manager, Corporation Trust Company, New York. 25th January, 1911.

THIS FORM MAY BE USED. No.....

CUBAN TELEPHONE COMPANY.

(Incorporated under the Laws of the State of Delaware, U.S.A.)

Offer of £300,000 5 per Cent. First Mortgage 40-Year Convertible Gold Bonds.

Issue Price 89 per Cent.

### APPLICATION FORM.

To LLOYDS BANK LIMITED (as Agents for the Purchasers),

72 Lombard Street, E.C., and Branches.

GENTLEMEN.—Having paid you the sum of £....., being a deposit of 10 per cent. on application for £..... of the above-mentioned 5 per cent. 40-year convertible Gold Bonds, I/we hereby request that you, as agents for the Purchasers, will allot me/us that amount of Bonds, and I/we agree to accept the same or any less amount that may be allotted to me/us, and to pay the balance due according to the terms of the Prospectus offering the said Bonds for sale.

Name in full.....

Address in full.....

.....

Ordinary Signature.....

Date .....

Cheques should be drawn to Bearer and crossed Lloyds Bank Limited.

# MARTIN SECKER'S BOOKS

## Widdershins

*EXCURSIONS IN THE SUPERNORMAL*

Oliver Onions

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